The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1913.

The Week

It is difficult to speak without contempt of proposals to abrogate out of hand the treaty under which the United States acquired the right to build the Panama Canal. The only reason assigned is that we now find the treaty an obstacle to our doing what we solemnly agreed not to do. Therefore, tear it up! There are regular methods of superseding or modifying treaties We got rid of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty by negotiating the Hay-Pauncefote treaty to take its place. But no country that did not wish to advertise itself as faithless and shameless would undertake to serve notice that it did not any longer consider itself bound by a treaty into which it had freely entered, and which in the view of both law and morals is absolutely binding. The stark power to do this need not be questioned. We can, if we choose, declare the United States a pariah among the nations, and give warning that none of our international engagements are to be kept if we find it inconvenient. But a mad rush into infamy is inconceivable.

Washington dispatches state that some errors that have crept into the income-tax section of the Underwood bill are to be corrected, particularly the one by which proceeds of life-insurance policies were unintentionally subjected to the tax. But apart from any downright errors it may contain, the wording of the section is of such extraordinary character that something ought to be done, and done soon, to give the public a fair chance to find out what it means. Everybody knows, of course, the general effect designed—that $4,000 shall be exempt, that the amount of income above $4,000 and under $20,000 shall be taxed 1 per cent., the amount above $20,000 and under $50,000 2 per cent., and so on. They also know, in a general way, that the Government intends, so far as possible, to collect "at the source"—on dividends through the corporation tax, on salaries through the officers of corporations paying them, etc. But the mechanism of the collection is a matter of no little importance, and yet to any ordinary reader devoting less than a solid week to the study of the bill it must remain a sacred mystery. The sentences in which the procedure is laid down have a beginning, but can hardly be said to have an end, for the most surprising turns are encountered when you think you have got through. Thus you read and read and read about the necessity of disclosing all your private affairs to the cashier of the corporation that employs you, under penalty of losing your exemption; and then all of a sudden, with only a comma to separate it, you find what looks like an escape from all this, but you are not quite sure that it is.

It is not easy to reconcile the President's action in regard to the Directorship of the Census with the elementary principles that should govern in the filling of such offices. The present Director, E. Dana Durand, was appointed in June, 1909. His experience before that time was as follows: Legislative librarian N. Y. State Library, 1895-7; assistant professor administration and finance, Leland Stanford University, 1898-9; secretary U. S. Industrial Commission, 1900-2; special expert U. S. Census Office, 1902; special examiner U. S. Bureau of Corporations, 1903-7; Deputy Commissioner of Corporations, 1907-9. The qualifications of Mr. W. J. Harris, as given in the press dispatches, are as follows: "William J. Harris is a business man of Atlanta, Ga., who had several years' experience in Washington as secretary to Senator Alexander S. Clay." We do not add the fact that Mr. Harris is chairman of the Democratic State Committee of Georgia, because that does not seem to us to constitute any part of the qualifications of a Director of the Census. If, as is generally believed, Mr. Durand is a thoroughly fit head of that great statistical organization, why not continue him in the post? And if he is not, why not substitute for him a man whose qualifications, including special training and experience, are unquestionable?

Vice-President Marshall apparently regards it as his special duty to tell the country what "men are saying" about social and economic conditions, but he seems to have great difficulty in understanding what men are saying about *him*. They are not objecting to him as a radical; there is no particular reason to suppose that he is a radical. What they object to is the spectacle of the Vice-President of the United States chattering about great questions in the manner of a corner-grocery Solomon, telling a lot of gaping yokels what wonderful or terrible things are going to happen if something or other doesn't happen to prevent. His talk about the people being two to one for this or that extreme measure directed against the rich is precisely on a par with the familiar campaign talk about how the election would go "if a vote were taken to-morrow"—the safest and about the most futile of all kinds of election prophecy. Mr. Marshall adds nothing to the country's stock of knowledge about either the law or the alleged state of public opinion; and as to the merits of any proposed remedy for the evils concerning which he rambles on, he does not profess to have an opinion.

A mistake in filling the Collectorship of the port of New York would be one of the most damaging that the Administration could make. This would be true under any circumstances, but it would be preëminently true at the present time, owing to the remarkable record made by Collector Loeb. The performance of whoever goes into that office will be watched with keen interest throughout the country, and will be compared with that which has been familiar during the past four years. It takes a man of splendid vigor, of fixed principles, and of unflinching firmness, to administer that office as it should be administered. Good intentions and mediocre ability will not suffice to cope with the pressure of a thousand kinds that is brought to bear in the custom-house. As for the appointment of any man whose character or affiliations would suggest a reintroduction of politics, that would be little less than a calamity. An appointment clearly meaning the opposite of all this would powerfully strengthen the hold of the Administration.

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Is the entire sugar business of the United States now centred in Washington? One might think so who glanced at the Washington newspapers and noted the extraordinary amount of advertising of sugar which they have been printing. These advertisements are mostly in the nature of burning appeals to the public not to be deceived by what "they say," but to "get the facts." And then the facts are spread out in bewildering variety—and uncertainty. The inference is clear that the public really appealed to is, not the housewives of the District, but the Congress that is about to revise the sugar tariff. There are at least four sugar "bureaus" now established in Washington. They are variously known, and some of their titles are sounding. The one that we like best is the "Refiners' Congressional Advisory Headquarters." That suggests something at once friendly and businesslike. All this activity naturally costs money. Letters are sent out asking for funds; and a firm in receipt of one of these appeals forwards it to the *Nation*. It states: "We have hesitated about calling upon you, but as we are now overdrawn at the bank it is absolutely necessary that we have funds at once." It seems sad that any association should be reduced to such straits when its one aim is to "save the sugar industry."

The insurance rate on postmasterships must have fallen sharply after Postmaster-General Burleson's pacific announcement regarding Republicans who happened to be holding these offices. Especially must it have brought relief to the friends of Postmaster Murphy, of Augusta, Ga., and any others in his delicate position. Mr. Murphy used to be a Democrat. Nevertheless, when Mr. Burleson's predecessor was looking for a good Republican for the job, he was asked by citizens of Augusta to overlook politics, and appoint "Old Murph." Augusta was President Taft's "winter capital," and he yielded to the request. Mr. Murphy, in return, could do no less than throw over his inherited convictions, and vote for Taft last November. Here is where he got into trouble. Having voted against Wilson, how could he expect reappointment, even if he was still a Democrat at heart? For a time, it looked very much as if Mr. Murphy's natural gratitude to Mr. Taft had operated to injure him, but now, we suppose, all will be well. The hazards of politics are terrible.

For a Socialist, Mr. Victor Berger is much more kindly disposed to Democratic tariff revision than so many non-revolutionary citizens of Republican and Bull Moose affiliations. The latter foresee no beneficial effect on the cost of living. The former Socialist Congressman from Milwaukee admits that there will be some relief, perhaps as much as $4 per head of the population; nothing to get excited over. Mr. Berger's figures illustrate one difficulty that reform must always encounter. The muckraker's work is essentially dramatic; the reformer's work is nearly always commonplace. When it is a question of the predatory nature of the tariff one habitually writes that the nation is robbed, even at Mr. Berger's modest estimate, of $400,000,000 a year—a respectable sum. When the tariff interests are made to disgorge, they do it at the rate of $4 per inhabitant of the United States—a totally unimpressive sum. The exactions of a Gas Trust, at a dollar a thousand feet, are luridly described as running up into millions. But the saving to the people under eighty-cent gas is described as amounting to 16 cents per month per capita. Undoubtedly, the nickels and the quarter-dollars of the masses make up the million-dollar surpluses of the Trusts, but the friends of reform must learn to get their legitimate dramatic effects by not speaking in nickels. Four hundred million dollars a year saved to the country by tariff revision is the way to speak of it.

Jersey City is the second largest municipality in the country to adopt commission government, New Orleans having voted for it in September. It is also the fourth city of above 200,000 population to take this step, the others being New Orleans, St. Paul, and Denver. Yet Jersey City will actually have her new form of government before some of these other places, owing to the New Jersey law which provides for a special election within a month of the adoption of the commission idea. St. Paul, for instance, although it voted for commission government nearly a year ago, will not get it until next January. There were actually fewer votes for it in Jersey City than in 1911, when the plan was defeated, but the vote against it was almost cut in two. So we have the familiar story of 11,000 electors deciding the form of government for several times as many of their fellows. Ten cities of above 100,000 population now have commission government. The total number of such cities is well above 200, containing a total of more than 5,000,000 people.

Another Legislature has performed the impossible by putting progressive laws in the statute-book without the aid of Progressive members. All but two of the 138 Texas legislators are Democrats, and those two are Republicans. Yet the Dallas *Morning News* says: "In the matter of enacting social or ameliorating laws, we have had no Legislature that can rival the last one." It proceeds to give specifications, as follows:

> Among the laws of this class passed by the last session of the Legislature was the Suspended Sentence act, the Employees' Compensation act, the Wife Abandonment act, the act limiting the working hours of women, the act prescribing a more effective and humane manner of trying lunacy charges, the Married Women's Property Rights act, the act creating a State Bureau of Child and Animal Protection, the bill creating a training school for delinquent girls, the Indeterminate Sentence act, and the act making the previously enacted Juvenile Court law effective provisions of that law.

Despite the multiplying declarations of Progressives that the name of the party doing the work does not count, the stony silence of the Colonel upon this point must make everybody outside of Texas view the above record with grave misgivings.

It is not surprising that the terms of Mr. Morgan's will should have made a deep impression on the public. The document is so largely conceived as to give a fresh indication of his large and foresighted nature. Attention is rightly called, also, to the serene confidence which he reposed in those associated with him in business, and to the ample discretion which he conferred upon his executors. Certain of the charities to which he contributed in his life-time they are to continue to aid as long as they may think it "necessary." No precise disposal of Mr. Morgan's art collections is made by his will, yet their ultimate destination, as a treasure for the

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use and instruction of the general public, is clearly indicated. We do not doubt that his heirs and executors will duly attend to this carrying out of his intentions, so perpetuating his memory. Mr. Morgan's will makes a striking confession of his implicit Christian faith, and those who knew most about the religious aspect of the man assert that this is merely of a piece with his constant attitude. But it is perhaps a little unwise for clergymen to seize upon this, in the way in which so many of them did in the pulpit last Sunday. Their praise could easily be perverted into an apparent belief that what the world most needs is to have an overwhelming demonstration that godliness is profitable. There are other Christian doctrines more in need of emphasis just now.

The death of John B. Henderson removes one of the few survivors of the fifty-six Senators who, in May, 1868, voted finally on the impeachment of President Andrew Johnson. Mr. Henderson was one of the nineteen who voted that the charges had not been sustained; Messrs. George Edmunds and William Sprague, two other survivors, were of the thirty-five who voted that they had. The popular feeling was so intense, and the lines were so sharply drawn in the Senate, that every one would have been able to forecast the result but for the uncertainty surrounding the position of Ross of Kansas. He had held his peace throughout the informal discussions incidental to the trial, but eventually voted with the minority. Had he gone the other way, he would have reduced the minority to eighteen and raised the majority to thirty-six, the two-thirds required by the Constitution. Benjamin Wade, of Ohio, would then have succeeded to the functions of the Presidency, and the subsequent history of the United States would have been different. Ross's later career was full of vicissitudes: from time to time he emerged from obscurity, but the closing years of his life were passed in New Mexico, following his trade as a journeyman printer. Mr. Sprague has remained in absolute retirement on his Rhode Island estate so long as to create a widespread impression that he is dead. Mr. Edmunds is now a leading citizen of Pasadena, Cal. In spite of his eighty-five years, he takes the liveliest interest in all governmental affairs, contributes occasionally to the press, and—in some respects most wonderful of all his accomplishments—reads every issue of the *Congressional Record* as faithfully as he used to while it was still a daily chronicle of his own public activities.

How slow we have been in meeting the physical needs of the boys and girls whose mental development has been our chief interest, is shown by the report of a Minnesota inspector to the Bureau of Education at Washington. He found that four-fifths of the children in country schools drink tea and coffee; that two-fifths of them suffer from almost constant toothache; and that one-fifth have frequent headaches. "When I ask how many have a toothbrush," this inspector writes, "nearly all say they have, but when I ask, 'Did you use it this morning?' there is little response." Simple questions about the children's eyesight brought out the fact that one-fifth of them suffer from eye-strain. Another defect is indicated by the statement: "Four or five per cent. of the children simply do not hear what is going on, and are therefore put down as stupid when they are not." The commonest principles of hygiene are frequently neglected. In one school, the stove was keeping the temperature of the room at ninety degrees, while outdoors it was ten below zero. Plentifully fed, the children do not get the right kind of food. Fresh air is carefully excluded from the houses—a condition, by the way, that is held partly accountable for the loss of reputation for good health that the country has sustained in comparison with the city. Fortunately, much can be done to remedy these conditions by the teacher, without resort to elaborate medical methods. Nor should a great deal of legislation be necessary. A little enlightenment ought to be sufficient.

What the actual merit of Dr. Friedmann's treatment for tuberculosis may be, is a question just about as open as it was when he began his vicissitudinous career in this country. The only thing certain about it is that it is getting an enormous amount of diversified advertising without expense to its author. Senator Penrose was entirely right in saying, apropos of the motion of Mr. Hughes, of New Jersey, that the Senate was "going out of its way to give him advertisement." The New Jersey Senator had asked unanimous consent for the consideration of his bill to give the doctor the right to practice in the District of Columbia without examination; but objection was made by Senators Gallinger and Penrose. The proposal was peculiarly objectionable in view of the fact that the United States Government is making a scientific examination of the merits of the treatment, and that its investigators are extremely careful to give no indication of their judgment until their inquiry has been completed. It is difficult to keep track of the changes in Dr. Friedmann's programme, which have been numerous. But at no stage of the proceedings have his actions presented the outward appearance of a dignified professional attitude; and so long as the doctors have not come to a conclusion, laymen may well adhere to a position of skepticism and caution.

Peace in the Balkans is definitely in sight. The allied nations, with the exception of Montenegro, have accepted the terms of the latest note presented by the Powers, with reservations that will not militate against the signing of a treaty. Thus under rather undramatic circumstances an historic campaign is drawing to its close. Yet the material for continued strife is not wanting in the Balkan peninsula. Peace with Turkey is virtually attained. War among the Powers over the question of Albania has been definitely averted. But there remains the possibility of friction among the allies when the distribution of spoils is under way. Rumors of open conflict between Bulgarians and Serbs, and Bulgarians and Greeks, are rife. From Sofia come dispatches which seek to minimize the rôle played by Bulgaria's partners in the war. But though the disposition of Salonica and the apportionment of territory on the Serbo-Bulgarian line in Macedonia are very likely to bring about debate, the dispute can hardly go beyond that. The magnitude of the victory over Turkey has inflamed the ambitions of every one of the allies. But then the magnitude of the spoils is such that there ought to be enough for everybody —with a little grumbling.

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TARIFF MONSTROSITIES.

In the process of threshing out the new tariff bill, the Democratic caucus reached Schedule K, and by a vote of 190 to 42 decided to put wool on the free list. This has many significant aspects. Two years ago the Democrats in the House could not screw their courage up to advocating free wool. Indeed, in the original form of the present bill a small duty was retained. Mr. Underwood has frankly stated this, and has also explained that President Wilson took the responsibility for removing the tax entirely. That this was a step in which the party is now ready to follow him, was shown by the overwhelming majority in the caucus. But the vote for free wool is only one of many signs that impatience and disgust with the old system of tariff taxation are growing on all sides. The greatest pressure now put upon the Democratic leaders in Congress is, not to make the rates higher than the bill proposes, but to make them lower. The free list has been much extended, but it is plain, from all that comes out, that it could be made even larger to the satisfaction of the rank and file of the party.

The country is still, unfortunately, in the midst of the tariff jungle. We have to begin by cutting a few openings. The whole noxious growth of a century cannot be cleared away in one year. It took English statesmen fifty years to get rid of all their tariff monstrosities, and we shall have to be long at the task. For a beginning, the Underwood bill is probably the best that can now be had. But no man who approaches its study from the standpoint of scientific taxation, or takes it up purely as a project of law, can fail to see that it staggers under a dead weight of inherited and inveterate evils. If we knew nothing of its antecedents, nothing of the enormous difficulties now in the way of drafting a customs law that shall be at once clear, just, and productive of revenue, we should say, on simple inspection, that the bill now before Congress was an object of amazement and even horror.

Take the brute mass of it. In the hands of every member of the House were placed two bulky documents. One was the bill itself—218 printed pages. With it went a Tariff Handbook, containing no less than 816 pages of texts, comparisons, statistics, indexes. And all this wilderness of detail in order to raise some $230,000,000 of revenue for carrying on the Government! Six or eight items alone, under a law capable of being written on one sheet of paper, raise $100,000,000 of customs revenue in England. Yet that country had in 1815 a tariff nearly as cumbrous and vicious as ours. It contained 1,400 items. With a meticulous ingenuity like that of our own tariff-makers, it sought to levy a special tax on every conceivable variety of human production. All this has been swept away in England, to the great advantage of her Treasury, and to the durable satisfaction of her people.

But Americans, even in their revised tariff, are caught in the old complexities and endless subdivisions of tariff legislation. Open the bulky volume that is called a law almost at random, and you find yourself in a Mandarin atmosphere. "Single yarns made of jute, not finer than five lea or number." "Cotton cloth, not bleached, dyed, colored, stained, painted, printed, or mercerized, containing yarn the highest number of which does not exceed number nine." Are such things suitable for a statute? Do they fit into any rational idea of taxation?

What the explanation is of this terrible mass of tariff legislation, everybody knows. It began as a tax and ended as governmental oversight of every branch and form of human industry. Little by little, every established canon of taxation was departed from. Step by step the notion of subsidy and favor crept in. Thus two things that do not belong together became hopelessly mixed up. If you are merely going to lay a tax, you can do it in a few and simple words, following Adam Smith's four rules. But if, while pretending to lay a tax, you are going to undertake a minute and fatherly supervision of the business of every man in the country, it is inevitable that you shall lose yourself in a myriad of phrases, and make your tariff bill look more like a dictionary than a law. The resultant confusion, waste, misunderstanding, bickering, litigation, complaint, tinkering, scheming, log-rolling, corruption, are frightful. As we have said, we think that the Underwood bill makes a brave beginning of clearing away the huge tangle. We do not assert that more could wisely be attempted at the present time. But let us not delude ourselves into imagining that we are more than emerging from the tariff morass. Many years will have to be devoted to the labor of draining and making habitable that Serbonian bog where armies whole have sunk.

MAKING OVER OUR SEA-LANGUAGE.

It is clear that the simple-spellers are not to have it all their own way, for here is a board of admirals at one fell swoop cutting out two of the commonest words in the seaman's vocabulary. For *port and starboard, read left and right* hereafter. Shades of Marryat and Fenimore Cooper, yes, and of John Paul Jones! So much of the romance of the sea went when the steam-kettle came in and the great square-rigged windjammer began to disappear that at least the language of the ocean might have been spared and left to undergo no more violent transformation than that wrought by the natural changes of time. But there are traitors in the seaman's own camp, it appears, and starboard and port are to go by the board—or, should we more properly say, "pass out of the left gangway"? After this, nothing is safe; front and rear will soon take the place of fore and aft; and the fore-and-after which graces our coasts, will she become the forward-and-rearer? There is much more about the terminology of our battleships that could be civilianized. Thus, if port and starboard must go, let the sponsons be called bay-windows and the turrets merry-go-rounds. "Go below, sir" will now read, "Walk downstairs," and piping an officer over the side will doubtless read "whistling an officer in (or out) of the left or right-hand door to the ship."

The object of the abolition of port and starboard is stated to be to simplify matters for the hosts of landsmen who man our floating machine-shops and gun-bearing vessels. Now, in the old days of sailing craft, it usually took a smart officer, with the aid of a rope's end, only about two watches to lick into the veriest landlubber the fact that starboard is right and port left, even if the recruit was as dull as the historic Irish lookout who, when asked what he made of an approaching red and a green light, said: "I tink it's a droog store, sirr." A man like this might find it hard to

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know the difference between a patent-log and a range-finder, and he would surely find himself on the battleship Florida in a fog of the technical terms in which mechanical, electrical, and ballistic engineers rejoice, beside which port and starboard are mere a, b, c's. But if we must make navigation easy for the masses, why, reform always did love a shining mark.

But what fate is in store for the yachting reporter who undertakes to write his descriptions of the coming Lipton America's Cup contest in the new sea-lingo? Are we to learn that at 2:10 "Shamrock was close-hauled on the right tack," and then to be told that this was the *wrong* tack from the point of view of scientific seamanship? Worse than that may come. Shall we not read that "Shamrock came about to right at 10:12," with the explanation for the layman that she was then headed to the left, taking the wind over her right bow, beam, or quarter? If this does not mean confusion worse confounded, we know not whereof we write. And what is to become of the classics of our sea literature? Must we edit "Pinafore" like a play of Shakespeare and change the good old song from "larboard watch ahoy" to "left-h-a-a-and watch ahoy"? And the sea novels in which the romance or the tragedy always happened by the light of the moon in the port-watch—must we recall them now for fresh and revised editions? The bells, of course, will go next. It will no longer be eight bells and the watch below, but four o'clock and afternoon tea with patent clocks to strike the hours on the ship's bell like any tame grandfather's clock on the front stairs in the old home on the farm.

We are reconciled to the passing of the mizzentopgallant brace, the spanker brails, the cross-jack lifts, the spanker-gaff, and the monkey-gaff vangs. The parting with them was softened by the thought that we should have found it hard to define them offhand without a sly resort to that diagram of a full-rigged ship which graces almost every dictionary. We know, with resignation, too, that the ship's eyes have gone the way of the ship's husband and the ship's corporal, and that the day of the fo'castle and the quarterdeck is drawing to its close. But when you take away starboard and port you deprive thousands of landsmen and landswomen of the easiest way of showing how familiar they are with boats and the men that go down to the sea in ships. You rob us, Secretary Daniels, of two of our oldest verbal friends—friends of the never-to-be-forgotten days when one lay on the nursery floor and read of the Sea Rover and the Sea Lions and Midshipman Easy, and thrilled over such a tale as this:

> At 2 A. M., being in 4½ fathoms water with Bald Head Light bearing E. ½ N. and Bug Light N. E. ¾ N., saw a suspicious looking, very small, dim, bluish white water crossing our stern to westward. We soon made it out to belong to something that looked like a large whale with the water washing over either end of it. I supposed it to be the torpedo boat then on our starboard quarter and standing toward us. I started ahead on one bell to bring our starboard broadside gun to bear upon him, and fired as soon as possible; then started full speed ahead. He soon made his appearance upon our starboard quarter as before, and then I rang one bell. We soon brought him abeam, fired starboard gun again. In about twenty minutes found him again on our port quarter, turned the ship toward him until abeam and fired port broadside gun at him. . . .

Must this read hereafter: Fired our *right* gun on our *right* quarter? Heaven forbid! A Tarheel Secretary fresh from the smell of printer's ink may order what he pleases. Custom, time, romance, and the eternal fitness of things make against him. The navy that despises sails and knows but tools and turbines may say and do what it is told to do. But your true sailors, your real windjammers—yes, the tramp and the liner, who's a lady, too—upon these we count to stay the progress of these linguistic vandals who think that to shipwreck a custom of centuries they need but call it dead. The very spirits of the sea they have yet to reckon with.

BUSINESS AND WAR.

On this side of the water the interest taken in our blatant Navy League by battleship builders, organizers of Ship Trusts, and producers of nickel-steel, is well known. It has plenty of money, and maintains offices in Washington, where its recent banquet called forth such salutary anti-militaristic remarks by Congressman Fitzgerald and Secretary Bryan. But in Germany the Social-Democratic leader, Dr. Liebknecht, has been fortunate enough to throw a light upon the recent war-scare in that country and France which ought to rouse the utmost indignation wherever men are thinking seriously upon this curse of modern times—armed peace. Dr. Liebknecht and his party's organ, the *Vorwärts*, have proved that a great Essen firm which is competing with the Krupps for the business of supplying war material, had actually been maintaining an agent in Paris to induce the French press to attack Germany, and so to cause the German Government to place more orders for guns and munitions. By some piece of good fortune, the *Vorwärts* is in possession of the instructions given to the Paris agent to "leave no stone unturned" in persuading some widely read Paris newspaper to print a statement that France intended to double her orders for machine guns. Then the German company was to appear at the War Office in Berlin and cite the Paris article as a reason why a large order for machine guns should be given.

Could anything be baser? This is not merely a bit of sharp business practice: it is playing with fire of the most dangerous sort. For from this kind of article, with the ensuing competition, arises immediately a dangerous tension between the two countries. We have seen it all in this instance. The publication of this story of increased purchases of guns by France and similarly belligerent articles in the *Figaro* and other Paris newspapers was followed by the extension of the two years' compulsory service in France to three. Thereupon Germany answered with its tremendous war-levy and an increase of its standing army and navy to no less than 870,000 men. This in itself is enough to bring about a dangerous condition of affairs; and then happened the misadventure of the Zeppelin dirigible in France and the attacks on German citizens near the frontier. The fearful aspect of all this is that those who are playing this game are playing with human lives. Perhaps a half-million human beings would perish or be maimed should Germany and France fight again under modern conditions. And yet, for the sake of increasing its dividends, the Deutsche Munitions- und Waffenfabrik of Essen is ready to take the chances of precipitating such a frightful national catastrophe.

But this is not the only guilty company. The Krupps, too, have been revealed by Dr. Liebknecht as maintain-

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ing a lobby in Berlin, agents with plenty of money to bribe officials and to subsidize the purchasable press to print articles attacking France and England and creating war-scares. No one knew that behind these articles which preached Pan-Germanism and the necessity of national defence was, as the *Morgenpost* puts it, "sheer lust of gold." More recently the War Minister has risen in the Reichstag to explain that the necessity for such a great increase in the army was not the French militarists or the alarmist articles in the French press, but the rearrangement of things in the Near East and the strengthening of Russian influence. Where do these Krupp revelations leave him? Either he was ignorant of what was going on, or he was helping to conceal the play to coin more money out of the taxpayers' fears which the Krupps were staging so cleverly and masking under talk of the new danger to Germany in the Balkans.

Altogether there is no sadder picture of the exploiting of the masses by special privilege than this presents. The lower classes are staggering under a frightful burden of taxation and are compelled to give two or three years out of their lives to the Government. Then the privilege which their money has fortified in Essen declares 30 per cent. a year in dividends made in creating, not weapons of industry, but weapons designed solely to slaughter human beings.

Well, these Berlin revelations will help a little; they certainly place the Government, now asking the Reichstag for vast new sacrifices of treasure and of economic power, on the defensive. They ought to open the eyes of many who have been blinded heretofore by the familiar cant and humbuggery of the imperialist—manifest destiny, race entity, preserving peace by arming for war, paying merely insurance on a nation's welfare, etc., etc. All these and other stereotyped phrases have befuddled the taxpayers. But the time is coming when the people will insist that their Prime Ministers and Presidents are hired primarily to insure peace by their conduct of national affairs, and will decline to dance further to the tune of the gun-making piper. There is really no adequate penalty for such offences against the peace of the nation as are now revealed in Germany; the press is speaking out at last, even the Conservative wing, and a few of the go-betweens will doubtless pay the penalty. But the makers of guns and powder will survive.

A FEDERATION OF NEGRO SCHOOLS.

The conference in New York city of the representatives of some forty Southern schools and associations concerned with negro education, which ended Friday, resulted in the formation of an association for mutual help. For years the smaller schools, which are offshoots of Hampton and Tuskegee and are more or less patterned after them, have been looking for leadership and aid to the larger schools, and particularly to the great funds for education which have been created by Mr. Rockefeller and others. So far, their hopes have not been realized, though the opportunity must have seemed tempting indeed. Last week's conference was called by the principals of six rural industrial schools for negroes in the South, who desire to wait no longer, but to see whether by organization and coöperation some betterment of the conditions under which they are struggling cannot be obtained.

These schools, it must be remembered, although private institutions, are born of a terrible necessity. Take that at Snow Hill, Alabama, for instance. It is situated in Wilcox County, in which there was expended in 1910 but $9,339.70 for the education of 10,758 negro children and $30,612.75 for that of 2,000 white children—ten times as much for one-fifth the number of white children. Per capita, these figures are but 32 cents for the negro child and $15.50 for the white. That is, if a negro child were to go to school for ten years, its whole education would have cost only three dollars and twenty cents! What a mockery of education this is appears plainly enough. Is it any wonder that brave spirits like Mr. Edwards have sought by private initiative to make up in some slight degree this shameless failure of the State? Naturally, he has had to turn to the North for aid; but he, like others, has found the usual round of begging more and more difficult with the passage of years. More and more of such praiseworthy beggars are in the field, and some who do not deserve praise as well. Usually they make the same rounds, interfering with one another and chilling their welcome from those who appreciate the need of the work but are appalled at the variety and the increasing number of the demands made upon them. As a result, there has been a growing conviction that the Northern gold mine was in danger of pinching out. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that the conference was most interested in the discussion led by Mr. Clarence H. Kelsey as to whether there was not some way of coördinating the financial activities of the several schools, of devising new ways of support, and establishing a clearing house whose certificate of character, when bestowed on a school, would at least simplify the task of the would-be donor.

From this point of view alone the desirability of the new organization is obvious. If it could maintain an office in New York at which questions as to the standing and worth of the more than 200 schools of this character in the South could be answered, it would render a genuine public service. Equally desirable would be the establishing of pedagogical standards and of a rational and uniform system of accounting. It is the experience of all who have been in the work that there has been surprisingly little dishonesty as a whole. One fraudulent person, who was utterly unfit to be entrusted with the supervision of children, recently obtained a gift of $30,000 from the widow of one of our best-known statesmen. The money could hardly have been placed in worse hands. But, as we have said, this is exceptional; the chief waste has been through the misapplication of funds because of the ignorance of those in charge. It is a difficult thing to regulate the costs of such an enterprise and to ascertain exactly what the returns are. All the more desirable is it, therefore, that the leaders among them should voluntarily adopt the simplest possible system of bookkeeping, under proper supervision, so that a mere statement of adherence to it would certify the proper accounting of funds.

The standardizing of the course of study the conference found a more difficult problem, and naturally so. The curriculum that is suited to a school in the Mississippi Delta is not necessarily suitable for a school on the seaboard of South Carolina. What is good for a Tuskegee is not necessarily good for a

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small school. But certain fundamentals there are for all these enterprises, and the necessity for proper coördination of book and manual training is obvious. Under the circumstances, therefore, the new association will have to feel its way slowly. We are firmly of the opinion, however, that a model curriculum, subject to local modifications, can be worked out as a guide for those whose aim is a thoroughly practical training in the three R's.

Still another result of the coming together of these men and women who are seeking to lead their people onward, will be a fresh discussion as to the best means of obtaining additional State and Federal aid. The *Nation* has not forgotten that a generation ago it led the opposition to the Blair bill, which would virtually have relieved the Southern States of all responsibility for education of this kind. It may well be, however, that the time has now come for a reëxamination of the question. Upon this the new Association, after it has found itself and recruited its numbers, may be able to speak in a way to illuminate the whole subject.

OLD GREECE IN THE NEW.

The spirit that animated the Balkan allies to take up arms against the Turk pervades the narrative of a Greek lad, recently settled in Boston, who has published his recollections of "When I Was a Boy in Greece" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard). Of Greek parentage, George Demetrios grew up in Macedonia, not so far from Mount Olympus, where ancient traditions clashed with Turkish rule. The tale of oppression is not overdone. To a boy the memory of Turkish officials riding through the town, firing off revolvers, and of Greek youth being obliged to carry weapons in self-defence and on occasion going to deserted places for the fun of bombarding a hillside, can hardly be more terrible than picturesque and romantic. Yet the smouldering discontent is not concealed, especially in the patriotic songs handed down from the Greek war for independence in 1821 and cherished as priceless. But the author's greatest grievance shows amusingly in his distasteful recollection of a sop thrown to visiting Turks at the exercises on the occasion of his graduation from the gymnasium. He and another boy were compelled to enact a dramatic dialogue in Turkish, to prove that the language was not neglected. He left his country too soon to witness its recent triumph, but a letter from his sister, "bearing the Greek stamp" (published in this volume), gives a vivid picture of what was going on in any of a hundred villages towards the beginning of hostilities:

> And when the people of Naoussa saw them approaching [deputies of the Greek army], they all shouted "Hurrah!" and the band began to play. . . . People did not know what to do for joy. There was bread to be sent, but after that nobody seemed to sleep that night, the band playing, and the people following it here and there, shouting "Hurrah for liberty! Hurrah for King George! Hurrah for the Crown Prince! Hurrah for the Greek soldiers!"

Tersely but significantly the girl describes the change which has come over sights familiar to her brother: "You remember the little Church of St. James, occupied by the descendants of the Turkish hodja. They were driven out." His uncle, the country doctor, was captured, but escaped, etc.

The reader of Demetrios's artless narrative can hardly fail to be grateful that this particular region has at length won its liberty. The links with the past are still quaint and numerous. The great god Pan is dead, as well as the bright deities on Olympus. But many of the old legends live. On the first of March, we are told, the boys celebrate the return of spring, going about from house to house with a carved wooden swallow at the end of a stick, and singing the song that Sappho herself may have heard:

> She is here, she is here!
> The swallow that brings us the beautiful year;
> Wide open the door!
> We are children again, we are old no more.

The dead at burial still receive the piece of money, or *obol*, to pay Charon for ferrying them over the black river; and songs designed to placate that remorseless being go the rounds. Grown people, with the newer demands of Christianity, have learned to call him the Angel of Death, but for young folk his ancient name and origin are permitted to remain undisturbed. Fate, too, stalks through "the children's hour" after its manner in classical tragedy, and one of the stories to which our young author listened of a winter's night before the fire is not far removed from a version of "Œdipus." In the imagination of Greek boys, wood nymphs and nereids still cling to their ancient homes.

Legend has done much in Macedon to preserve the old flavor. But even the account given of the daily occupations of this simple community reads like a chapter from the Odyssey. M. D'Estournelles de Constant, in one of his visits in a Greek island village, found "the white oxen with short legs and powerful shoulders so familiar in antique bas-relief." Demetrios in his own village remembers "the gathering of the sheaves when dry and the loading of the donkeys, and we boys trotting by their side as they bore their fragrant burden to the stacks near the threshing floor, and the fun of riding them back to the fields for a fresh load. And then came the time for treading out the corn." The evening meal that followed was not such as King Alcinous served to Ulysses, but in the account given of it one is haunted with a sense of familiarity with its simple but established formality, the deference to elders and men of importance, and its leisurely charm. It has not the strangeness, for instance, felt by the Westerner for many an Oriental ceremony. Philip of Macedon brought Greece to terms, but Greece retaliated by imposing on that land a restful culture which the rule of the Turks has apparently not obliterated.

Americans will also be tempted to read into one episode of Demetrios's education something of the spirit which in ancient days sought wisdom from a goddess. When twelve years old he was anxious to become head of his class and to beat a boy of his own age. Shortly before the examination he went secretly to the little church to burn before the shrine of the Virgin an eight-cent candle, "which looked very big in comparison with the one-cent candles that the villagers usually burned." But there was another eight-cent candle already burning there—his rival's. He adds modestly, "We both passed our examination." Oddly, not until he went to the Boston Museum did he get a glimpse, through photographs and replicas, of the ancient works of art whose underlying legends he seems to know so well. That glimpse and subsequent experiments have made him decide to become a sculptor, as we learn from the friend who translated his narrative.

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BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.—I.

The Cambridge University Press has brought us no better gift these latter years than the complete works of Beaumont and Fletcher, "those renowned twins of poetry," exactly edited by the care of Arnold Glover and A. R. Waller.* No one now would style these volumes, as James Shirley styled the first folio edition, "without flattery, the greatest monument of the scene that time and humanity have produced"; but they contain an inexhaustible body of entertainment, and, as Shirley said to the reader in that "tragical age where the theatre [had] been so much out-acted," so we may say to the reader in these duller times: "Congratulate thy own happiness, that, in this silence of the stage, thou hast a liberty to read these inimitable plays, to dwell and converse in these immortal groves, which were only showed our fathers in a conjuring glass, as suddenly removed as represented."

I.

The earlier Elizabethan tragedies had as a rule been based on a single master passion, which by its excess led both the persons possessed by it and their victims into acts of blood and madness. Comedy meanwhile had been largely a thing of adventure and amusement, an escape from fact and passion into a world of happier fancy, until, by introducing the master passion in the form of humors, Jonson changed fancy into satire and set comedy on a parallel with tragedy.

That was a change momentous alike for literature and philosophy; but about the same time another step, no less notable in its consequences, was taken by Beaumont and Fletcher. Hitherto tragedy and comedy, when united in the same play, had, for the most part, stood together as mere alternations from one *genre* to another. A more essential union of the two was prepared when our twin dramatists (if we may give them all the credit) altered the theme of tragedy from a single master passion to a number of loosely coördinated passions, thus relaxing the rigidity of the tragic structure and permitting the fancy to play more intimately through all the emotions. Such, in a general way, would seem to be the origin of the new form, which lay in germ in some of the earlier plays, but was developed in the first decade of the seventeenth century into the well-marked *genre* of the romantic drama.

The possible beauty of this new form of drama is familiar to all the world from "The Winter's Tale" and "Cymbeline," if not from the work of other writers; it is of a kind, indeed, to appeal with peculiar cogency to ears accustomed to modern romance. But with the faults inherent in the *genre* it is different. Ethically these are so involved in the obscure currents of the age that their real source and gravity are likely to be overlooked, and æsthetically we have become more or less blunted to them by long familiarity. Yet there has been no lack of protests against the sudden conversions of character and quick shiftings of motive which are the most striking manifestations of a deeply-lying corruption. There are still readers and spectators who, however they may be borne along by the magic of Shakespeare's style, are brave enough to admit that they are disconcerted by the inartistic abruptness of such changes in passion as those of Leontes in "The Winter's Tale"; and one critic at least, who wrote not so very long after the efflorescence of the romantic drama, was so bold or, if you will, so insolent, as to enlarge the censure of these faults into virulent abuse of the whole Elizabethan drama.

There is an offensive undertone of buffoonery in old Thomas Rymer's diatribe against "The Tragedies of the Last Age"; his taste was vitiated by an insensibility to things beautiful in themselves and by a hard pseudo-classic canon of decorum, but one is bound to admit that his criticism of "The Maid's Tragedy" (not to say of "Othello") finds the weak points of the play with diabolical shrewdness. "This may be *Romance*, but not *Nature*," he exclaims, after setting forth the irrelevance of the motives that Beaumont employs. And he is justified. Consider, for example, the speeches of a single actor in that tangle of lust and love, loyalty and effrontery. We first become acquainted with Evadne in a scene (II, i) characteristic of the age, when her ladies are disrobing her after her marriage to Amintor. Here she displays delicacy of feeling which might befit a Desdemona; yet immediately afterwards, to repulse her husband, she avows her lust, her engagement to the King, and her acceptance of Amintor merely as "one to father children":

> Alas, Amintor, think'st thou I forbear
> To sleep with thee, because I have put on
> A maiden's strictness? Look upon these cheeks,
> And thou shalt find the hot and rising blood
> Unapt for such a vow. No; in this heart
> There dwells as much desire and as much will
> To put that wished act in practice as e'er yet
> Was known to woman; and they have been shown
> Both. But it was the folly of thy youth
> To think this beauty, to what land soe'er
> It shall be called, shall stoop to any second.
> I do enjoy the best, and in that height
> Have sworn to stand or die: you guess the man.

To the King himself (III, i) she admits only her calculating pride, declaring that she loves with her ambition, not with her eyes, and that if he were thrust from his throne she would forsake him for his supplanter. Later, though she has expressed a certain pity for Amintor (II, i), she is heard laughing with the King over the way they have cozened him. In the great scene (IV, i) in which her brother charges her disgrace upon her and demands the death of her paramour, there is perhaps justification for her deep repentance; certainly in the magnificent sweep of the emotions here portrayed the reader is not likely to feel anything false to nature, if such exists, even in her transition from abject self-abasement to a kind of self-pity:

> Here I swear it,
> And all you spirits of abused ladies
> Help me in this performance.

But the same cannot be said of her words to the King when she prepares to murder him in his bed-chamber (V, ii). There is something in her "mere joy" in killing that jars with her previous mood of chastened grief, and when one considers her avowed reasons for deceiving Amintor, one has almost a feeling of revulsion at the tone of her accusation:

> I am as foul as thou art, and can number
> As many such hells here. I once was fair,
> Once I was lovely; not a blowing rose
> More chastely sweet, till thou, thou, thou, foul canker,
> (Stir not) didst poison me.

Chaste and sweet—if the lady and the dramatist have forgotten her first confession to Amintor, the reader certainly has not. Nor can the reader quite stomach her next mood of sudden and overwhelming love for Amintor (IV, i), however deep her aversion to the King may have become. The simple fact is, here are but a succession of womanly passions, each indeed cunningly conceived and expressed, but giving us in the end nothing we can grasp as a whole and comprehend; no woman at all, unless mere random passionateness can be accounted such. And this sense of incoherence would be magnified if we should analyze Amintor and the other persons of the drama in the same way.

II.

Evadne is presumably the creation of Beaumont. For the typical work of Fletcher in this *genre* we may turn to "Valentinian." If there is anything in reputable literature more revolting to the ethical sense (as the Greeks conceived *êthos*) than the conclusion of that play, I cannot now recall it. All through the first four acts we see Maximus and his friend Aecius acting as high-minded Romans. The Emperor Valentinian, a base, libidinous creature, lures the beautiful and chaste wife of Maximus to the court, and there rav-

**The Works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher.* Ten volumes. The Cambridge University Press. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905-12.

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ishes her. Nothing could be nobler in the old heroic sense than the first scene of the third act, in which the two friends learn of her ruin and part from her as she goes out with the determination to purify her stain by death:

Lucina. Farewell for ever, Sir.
Maximus. That's a sad saying,
But such a one becomes ye well, Lucina.
And yet methinks we should not part so lightly;
Our loves have been of longer growth, more rooted,
Than the sharp word of one farewell can scatter.
Kiss me: I find no Cæsar here; these lips
Taste not of ravisher in my opinion.
Was it not so?
Luc. O yes.
Max. I dare believe thee,
For thou wert ever truth itself, and sweetness;
Indeed she was, Aecius. . . .
Aecius. The farewells, then, of happy souls be with thee,
And to thy memory be ever sung
The praises of a just and constant lady.
This sad day whilst I live, a soldier's tears
I'll offer on thy monument, and bring,
Full of thy noble self with tears untold yet,
Many a worthy wife to weep thy ruin.
Max. All that is chaste upon thy tomb shall flourish,
All living epitaphs be thine, time, story;
And what is left behind to piece our lives
Shall be no more abused with tales and trifles,
But full of thee, stand to eternity.

Shakespeare himself would barely have expressed a pure and steadfast love more finely, and there is nothing in these scenes to mar the effect. The one desire of Maximus now is revenge upon the Emperor. To this end he is obliged to break through his friendship for Aecius; and again the conflict between his affection and his deadly purpose is portrayed in the noblest manner. But what happens then? Aecius is tricked to his ruin, the Emperor is murdered, the saintly martyr is scarcely buried, and then, suddenly and without warning, we find Maximus (V, iii) a coarse plotter and traitor:

Maximus. Gods, what a sluice of blood have I let open!
My happy ends are come to birth, he's dead,
And I revenged; the empire's all afire,
And desolation everywhere inhabits.
And shall I live that am the author of it? . . .
You that but stept before me, on assurance
I would not leave your friendship unrewarded,
First smile upon the sacrifice I have sent ye,
Then see me coming boldly.—Stay, I am foolish,
Somewhat too sudden to mine own destruction;
This great end of my vengeance may grow greater:
Why may not I be Cæsar? Yet no dying;
Why should not I catch at it? Fools and children
Have had that strength before me, and obtain'd it. . . .
If I rise,
My wife was ravish'd well!

I do not know, considering what has gone before, that there is a viler and more disheartening line than this last in the whole Elizabethan drama. And it gives the keynote of the huddled scenes that follow—the usurpation of the throne and the hideous wooing to that end of the widowed Empress. The only consolation in the thing is that the Empress poisons him for his villany.

I have dwelt at some length on these two plays of Beaumont and Fletcher respectively because they offer examples, though glaring ones indeed, of the sort of moral inconsistency that is characteristic not only of their plays, but of the whole drama of this later period. It may be possible occasionally by aid of a desperate casuistry to reconcile the contradictory passions of these plays, to explain the debasement of Maximus, for instance, as the crudely conceived result of vengeful desires working in a troubled soul; but the dramatist himself gives us no such ease, and one cannot read many of these plays without feeling that the fault lies deeper than any mere crudeness of literary procedure, and touches, in fact, the very conscience of the writers and of the people who encouraged them. The nature of the fault can be shown by comparing together three different ways in which the passion of love has been treated dramatically.

III.

We have seen that the principal step from the older tragedy to the romantic drama was taken when a number of passions were employed as motives instead of a single dominant passion; but to understand the gravity of that change we must look still further into the past: we must go from "The Maid's Tragedy" or "Valentinian" to such a play as "Romeo and Juliet," and from that to such a play as "Hippolytus."

Euripides has built up his plot on a manifestation of love as devastating and as morbid as any dramatist of the Renaissance could have desired. The action turns on the fatal relation of two persons, Hippolytus and Phædra, each intrinsically virtuous, but each carried away by excess of passion. Hippolytus has dedicated himself to an austere ideal of chastity. No doubt, the pure abstinence of his life is painted in glowing colors, but the real thought of the dramatist is conveyed in the words of the servants who rebuke Hippolytus for his exclusive devotion to Artemis and for his overweening contempt of mortal nature. In the same way Phædra is condemned and falls into the calamities of crime because she yields her soul to the excess of the opposite passion. So the chorus, when they have heard her unwilling confession of love for her step-son, cry out, "May no unmeasured love come to us!" and Phædra herself, after she has resolved on escape from shame by death, exclaims, "By bitter love I shall be beaten!"

Now, the bloody dénouement of the plot springs indeed from the clashing of these two passions of inhuman chastity and morbid love; but the real tragedy of the play, that which stirs our emotions, depends on no such external conflict, but on the inner drama of the two souls who are the prey of these passions. More particularly *Phædra, the protagonist, does not appear* as a mere personification of a passion, but is by many touches represented as a person existing apart from the passion that assails her. Deep in her bosom, lies the *aidôs*, the sense of honor, modesty, reverence, the inner check whose office is to oppose a restraining force upon inroads of excessive or unlawful emotions, and which forms the elemental basis of that mysterious entity called character. To emphasize this distinction between character and passion and to bring out more clearly the field where the real tragic conflict takes place, Euripides has developed the old mythology of his people into a kind of allegory. Artemis and Aphrodite, as we see them here acting, are no longer the enlarged human persons we have known in the earlier poets, but have been transformed into symbols of the irrational, emotional powers that sway the human heart. In Artemis there is something of the superrational, so that submission to her sway is not portrayed as evil in itself, but as a thing perilous to those who in this earthly life would walk by a law which transcends the common measure of mortality. Aphrodite, on the contrary, stands as the embodiment of unrestrained and instinctive desire. The nurse, who represents a pure naturalism, may encourage Phædra to yield to the dæmonic power:

Cease your violent pride (*hybris*); for it is only such pride that bids you wish to be superior to the *dæmons*. Love boldly; so the god wills.

But the Queen looks higher, and knows that the integrity of her character depends on her power to withstand these dæmonic assaults. "My mind," she says, "has been broken by unholy loves, by a terrible disease from Aphrodite." And at the end Artemis declares that "Cypris, the crime-doer, has contrived these things." In a word, the play of "Hippolytus" is essentially moral, just because the tragic pity and horror are based on this distinction between passion and the inner citadel of character.

If we turn to "Romeo and Juliet" we shall find ourselves in an entirely different atmosphere. Shakespeare, too, has made love the theme of his drama, and he has painted it with a luxuriant beauty and a deep understanding such

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as no other poet, perhaps, has ever equalled. There is no ill in that; but he has done an ill thing in bringing this fair passion wantonly, or ignorantly, to a tragic end, and has proved thereby that to this extent he stands on a lower moral level than his Greek predecessor. Nothing shows that he thought of this love between the two young hearts of Verona as criminal by reason of its own excess; rather in its very unreflecting intensity lies the seal of its charm and justification. Nor is there any breath of conflict in the bosoms of these brave lovers; rather they are all one passion, mere instruments to sound the sweetest cadences of innocent love. Why, then, the bloody and horrid conclusion? The quarrel of Capulet and Montague might well have been used to draw out the plot of the play, and by offering resistance to the course of true love might have added a deeper note to its blissful end; but to make this purely external circumstance the cause and source of tragedy is to pass from the realm of moral cause and effect into a region where emotion is accidental and bears no relation to character. Now "Romeo and Juliet" is typical of the early Elizabethan tragedy. In other plays the passion in itself is unlovely, and so may seem to belong more properly to tragedy than does Shakespeare's theme; but in almost all cases, and indeed with varying degrees, if the action is examined, it will be found to omit the essentially moral element, and to bring before us a personified passion rather than a character overcome by passion. I have taken one of Shakespeare's plays as an example, and rightly, I think; but it is also true that in his greater tragedies Shakespeare stands quite apart from his age, rising above it by the very strength in him of this moral sense which was so generally weak in his rivals. In "Macbeth" he belongs with Æschylus and Euripides, and the audience which was moved by the passion and woe of Agamemnon would have understood and applauded the evil doom of the Scottish king. Though romantic in detail and in complexity of form, and though, it must be admitted, sometimes barbarous in the handling, the greater plays of Shakespeare are in their substance profoundly classic.

IV.

In the earlier Elizabethan drama the employment, for the most part, of a single passion as the tragic motive, even where the sense of character was weak or wanting, lent a superficial consistency to the acts and words of the protagonist which gave to him at least the semblance of character. With the romantic drama, in which the action shifts unaccountably from one passion to another, even this illusive consistency is lost, and the play appears no longer as merely non-moral, but too often as completely wanton. The punishment came heavily and publicly. From the first there had been preachers of the Puritan stamp to denounce the "flexanimous enticements" of the stage, and with the growth of Puritanism and the degeneracy of the drama these denunciations became more violent and more voluminous, reaching their maximum of both in the huge and clamorous "Histriomastix" (1632) of William Prynne.

I doubt if anybody in this generation has been able to read through that leviathan of objurgation, and for imposing such a monster on the world Prynne well deserved to have his ears cropped and to be branded on the cheeks as Seditious Libeller: the punishment did the cause of righteousness no harm, and it wrung from a sour pedant one of the best puns ever made in England, when he interpreted the letters S. L. as *Stigmata Laudis*. In the vigorous language of the "Histriomastix" (p. 41) these plays, which we are criticising so mildly, "had their Alpha, and Omega; their beginning, and end: their birth, *and use from Hell;* being not only invented *by the Devill himselfe:* but likewise by his owne speciall command, and his greatest minions advice"—the devil, if I understand Mr. Prynne, being the Dionysus of the Athenians in whose honor plays were first performed and whose lewdness still presides over the stage. As for the comedies of his age, the Puritanical critic thought (p. 62) that "the stile, and matter of most popular, (especially Comical) Stage-Playes, is Amorous, Scurrilous, and Obscene"—and he might have proved his point without a page and a half of references to the Fathers. "The stile, and subject Matter of our Tragedies," he adds (p. 73), "are Bloody, and Tyrannical"—whereupon follows a list of all the passions, beginning with envy and ending with revenge, which formed the substance of the romantic drama. He comes closer to a philosophic criticism when he complains (p. 177) that "men in Theatres, are so farre from sinne-lamenting sorrow, that they even delight themselves with the representations of those wickednesses, which the originall Authors of them now deplore in Hell." After the charitable fashion of his tribe, Prynne saw only the evil and nothing of the good of what displeased him, and his palpable ignorance of the stage, together with his assurance that any page of Latin from one of the Fathers is a better argument than the actual comprehension of what he was writing about, almost deprives his book of value.

Nevertheless, Prynne does, in the last charge quoted, approach the real evil of the late Elizabethan drama. In saying that the audiences took delight in the representation of wickednesses without sin-lamenting sorrow, he has merely changed into what we may be pleased to call religious cant, the fundamental literary criticism that these plays deal with the expression and interaction of passions in themselves with little sense of character. For it must be observed that moral judgment and literary criticism here go hand in hand. There is no doubt much to condemn in Beaumont and Fletcher from the direct standpoint of public decency; but, on the other hand, they are full also of moral sentiments magnificently expressed. The real moral indictment under which they lie is rather the more central charge that in ignoring that element of our being which stands apart from the passions as a governing power, they loosed the bonds of conduct and left human nature as a mere bundle of irresponsible instincts.

That is the preacher's moral judgment, and the literary criticism is but the same thing in different words. There is much in these plays that offends any canon of taste, but, again, they are replete with passages and whole scenes of exquisite beauty and superlative wit; if any balance of this kind is drawn, they must be rated very high as literary productions. The real criticism comes when we begin to reflect, and, reflecting, feel the want of that profounder pleasure of the imagination which springs from the intimate marriage of the emotions and the understanding. We understand a thing as we see a principle of unity at work within or behind a changing group of phenomena. We understand human nature in the same manner: we may in a way respond in feeling to emotions, we understand only character. We respond deeply to the emotions of the "Hippolytus," and at the same time we understand the background, so to speak, of character upon which they are thrown. We feel as keenly the long emotional beauty of "Romeo and Juliet," and the impression of that pleasure remains clearly and firmly implanted in memory, though the deeper joy of the imagination has been lost from the play with the disappearance of character. Our heart is still touched by the exquisite painting of the emotions in "The Maid's Tragedy," but it must be admitted also that its incomprehensible tangle of the passions weakens to a certain extent the sympathetic echo of each within us, and in the end leaves an indistinct and blurred impression in memory. So clearly do intellectual comprehension and moral judgment flow together, and so at the last do the censures of the Puritan theologian, Prynne, and the Restoration critic, Rymer, though each is unjust and even foolish in its excess, clasp hands in a curious way and justify each other.

The discussion of the causes of this degeneracy I must leave for another week. P. E. M.

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NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The following errors and omissions occur in the Bibliography of John Gay which appears in the "Cambridge History of English Literature," Vol. IX, pp. 529-30.

Under "(1) Collected editions," subhead "Poems," the compiler cites the edition of 1727. To the best of my knowledge, such an edition does not even exist. The item was probably given on the authority of the British Museum Catalogue, but if the compiler had used the copy in the reading room of the Museum at any time within the last year and a half, he would have noted a pencilled correction by the cataloguer, and on calling for the book would have found the date to be 1737.

The next section, "(2) Poems published separately," subhead "Fables," gives the edition of "1736." The copy of the British Museum Catalogue in the reading room gives the date as follows: "MDCCXXXVI [or rather MDCCLXXVI?]." The latter date is far more likely to be correct, as is shown by internal evidence. Even granting that the date 1736 is correct, the compiler had evidently never examined a copy, for if he had done so, he would have found that it contained *both* series of the "Fables" and should have been placed under his next subheading, "Fables complete."

This subhead "Fables complete" has mention of Austin Dobson's 1882 edition of the "Fables," and it is described as having a "bibliography." As a matter of fact, it contains only a "Bibliographical *note*" concerning the first edition of each of the two series and the briefest mention of three other editions. It has, however, what the compiler has failed to note, a most valuable and stimulating memoir of Gay.

The following subhead is "Gay's Chair . . . with a sketch of his life from the manuscripts of *Butler*, J. . . ." Even a student of Gay might be excused for failing to recognize Gay's nephew Joseph *Baller* under that annoying misprint.

The noteworthy omissions in the section of Gay's "Poems published separately" are (1) "A panegyrical espistle to Thomas Snow," 1721; and (2) "Molly Mogg," [1727?]. Not noted here by the compiler are some ten other poems of Gay's which made their first appearance in other places before being gathered into any collected edition of his works. but a strict definition of the heading of this section might properly keep them out.

No mention is made of his prose contributions to the *Guardian*, and to Swift and Pope's "Miscellanies"; or of his five pamphlets, the most important of which is "The present state of wit," 1711. Of this, the late J. Churton Collins said, "It is written with skill and sprightliness, and certainly shows a very exact and extensive acquaintance with the journalistic world of those times."

The fourth and last section, that on "Biography and criticism," is notable chiefly for what it omits. None of the numerous contemporary pieces which relate entirely to Gay's "Achilles," the "Beggar's Opera," "Three hours after marriage," and the "What d'ye call it?" and which are indispensable to a correct understanding of them, are even hinted at. Nor does he mention that some one hundred of the letters to and from Gay are to be found in Arbuthnot's Works, ed. Aitken; Pope's Works, ed. Elwin and Courthope; Suffolk Letters; and Swift's Correspondence, ed. Ball. Needless to say, Gay's correspondence throws much valuable light on his own life.

Of the living editors or writers on Gay, he fails to note Aitken, Hansen, Plessow, Regel, and Wright. The omission of Aitken and Wright is especially to be regretted. For to G. A. Aitken, all Gay students are deeply indebted for his scholarly articles on Gay's life and works which appeared in the *Academy*, the *Athenæum*, and the *Westminster Review*. As to W. H. K. Wright, he is known to have edited one of the three best editions of Gay's "Fables," in which he has given us a valuable memoir based on the new material brought to light by the Gay bicentennial, and a very comprehensive "Chronological list of the various editions of Gay's Fables." This omission is the more strange as (if we except the Gay items in the British Museum Catalogue) it is the only printed bibliography of Gay or any of his works that is worthy of the name.

Of course, it is both impossible and inadvisable for such a work as the "Cambridge History of English Literature" to give a complete bibliography of Gay in the space at its command. Indeed, all that the editors claim to give is a "sufficient" bibliography, but I think these notes show what it does give is "sufficient" for neither the student nor the general reader of Gay.

ERNEST L. GAY.

Correspondence

EDWARD DOWDEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was an intimate friend of the late Professor Dowden, of Trinity College, Dublin. He was all his life an extremely handsome man. When a student of T. C. D. his beauty had a certain girlish distinction and purity; his color changed quickly; his dark shy eyes had a way of suddenly brightening that was very attractive. He looked the poet and primarily was the poet. In any other age than that of Herbert Spencer and George Eliot, and in any country not wholly given to oratory, as was then the case with Ireland, Dowden would have written poetry, and left prose to others. He apologized to me by letter for not sending to me his great book on Shakespeare, just published, by saying it had become alien to him. These prose books were not his love children.

This silent and self-contained man allowed himself to become a speaker from political platforms. To see his distinguished figure among the politicians was to me a dreadful sight. G. B. Shaw thinks that men in their present unregenerate state are "worms"; an admirable creed for a politician and a satirist, and a reformer and socialist. To enter Dowden's house—even to meet him by chance on the roadside—was at a touch to recover one's crumbling self-esteem; I have talked with his friends on this subject, and we have all agreed that after meeting Edward Dowden peace would fall on the troubled spirit. But he was a recluse, about him always a magic circle difficult to pass; one hurried towards him and then hurried away with affection in the heart. He loved his friends but seemed to fear them; not by word or look would he repel any one, yet you fled and wondered why you did so. Was he like Michael Angelo, who loved his friends so much that he avoided them; lest, as he said, they might "filch him from himself"?

His brother John, the Bishop of Edinburgh, found his "peace" by going out into the world and warring with the enemies of the Church. We know that if we rub sticks together there will be flame, thus the Bishop got heat and light by mingling with his brethren. I've spent many weeks and months in his company and was often made the target for his wit. But if his raillery hurt it was cured by the laughter which followed so quickly—the victim's own laughter being the most heartfelt; for it was a liberating wit that seemed to let in the daylight and brighten the circumambient air. Besides, was he not a Dowden, with subtle care that no one's self-love should be rudely bruised?

It seems but yesterday that I was an anxious student in T. C. D., where the two Dowdens shone the brightest stars in the undergraduate sky. Have all our hopes been fulfilled? Edward Dowden has written prose classics. He has given us but one small volume of poetry, yet all his love went out to that slender book. He once told me that when he wrote poetry he did it secretly and could not do it otherwise. For in the Ireland that he knew, men did this kind of good deed by stealth. It is so no longer. Thanks to the Irish literary movement, modern Nationalist Ireland, from which he shrank and which shrank from him, is now a land of poets. The orators are out of commission.

T. C. D. teaches the great Protestant doctrine of getting on. T. C. D. also is the home of competitive examinations—its students can beat any student from any other college in the wide world. When a man reads a book for his own delight he receives an intellectual impression of which nine-tenths will be from the operations of his own mind—from the recollection of other books and from the conversation of his friends, and only one-tenth out of the book itself; when he reads for a competitive examination, there will be nothing in his mind except what comes out of the book. Such a course of study weakens the organs of original thought and vital creation. All through his college course, Edward Dowden headed all the competitions and at his final examination, competing for the medal for ethics and metaphysics, obtained higher marks than were ever given before or since. No intellect could come unscathed from such an ordeal. His victory was an undoing, and ever after his mental pulse went slowly. No, Trinity College, Dublin, is not a nursery for young poets. I would advise also that young poets should not follow the example of the doctors and marry early. The poet who would know all the secrets of his calling must make many pilgrimages to the shrine of beauty, or, like Jacob, take the long and painful pilgrimage, since not otherwise can he reach the heights of lyrical ardor. Dowden married early and henceforth had an eye too much for moral and abstract beauty; while towards sensuous beauty he was stony-hearted. George

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Eliot, whose admirer he was, completed the mischief. This woman author, with her chilly east wind of science and agnosticism, was a wintry frost to all of us, in those faraway days. J. B. YEATS.

New York, April 19.

ADVICE TO STUDENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An admirable article on the "Unity of Knowledge and the Curriculum" in the current *Educational Review* calls attention to what I believe to be one of the most important of the newer lines of college activity, namely, the direction of the student's course with the idea of more nearly adapting it to his abilities and aims. In the secondary schools we are constantly doing more in the matter of vocational guidance and in personal supervision of our boys and girls, interesting ourselves not only in their studies, but in their activities of every sort; and we find that the net results are more than sufficient to pay for the extra time and energy involved.

What knowledge I have of college conditions and the opinions of college students as they come back to visit us, leads me to believe that much work along similar lines can be done with good results by the colleges. This should involve, in my opinion, two features—first, a system of advisers who really advise; much progress has been made in this direction of late, and it is now fortunately no longer possible for an adviser to meet his students on the opening day of the freshman year and then forget their existence: secondly, a series of lectures such as Professor Smith advises, which will give the students a comprehensive view of the intellectual, social, and moral possibilities of a college course, introducing him to lines of thought of which he has hitherto not known the existence, opening possibilities in the line of future career, and awakening his interests along the greatest possible number of sides, which, after all, is the chief aim of a college course. At Reed College, in Portland, Ore., President Foster has included such a course in his curriculum and takes charge of it personally, although delegating some lectures to members of various departments. In it he attempts to tell the freshman "a lot of things of the kind of which you and I wish some one had told us when we went to college."

WALTER D. HEAD.

Haverhill, Mass., April 17.

EBERHARD NESTLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your brief mention (April 10) of the death of Eberhard Nestle, following one I had already seen in the *Deutsche Literatur-Zeitung*, recalls to my mind my association with him in Tübingen forty-three years ago. He and I were members of a small group of young men who were studying Arabic with Dr. Merx, whose death occurred some few years since in Heidelberg. As there were not above eight in our company, we met in the professor's study and not in his lecture-room. Nestle was at that time a resident of the so-called Stift, where the candidates in Protestant theology have for centuries been housed. My rooms were only a few doors distant, and we often walked to our quarters together. The examinations through which young Württembergers are admitted as students in theology, while somewhat antiquated and pedantic, have aided many young men in gaining an education. Among Stiftler who in after years abandoned theology for other departments of scholarship were Hegel, D. F. Strauss, E. Zeller, together with not a few other men of almost equal note. The fact that Württemberg has probably produced a larger number of eminent scholars than any other part of Germany, or perhaps of the world, of equal size and population, is largely due to the inducements its Government holds out to choice young men to devote themselves to theology.

Young Nestle, though at that time hardly more than a boy, was much the best scholar in our coterie, not only in Hebrew, but also in Latin and Greek. He wrote some of his books in Latin. Dr. Merx used to assign to us two or three score of new words to learn by heart at a lesson. Partly, at least, for the reason that I had much other work on hand I could not do it. But I was much encouraged when in comparing notes one day with Nestle he told me that he could not do it either. Although rather slight of build, he had a voice so strong that it seemed as if it should belong to some person of larger physique. I was informed several years ago that Dr. Nestle had in some way incurred the displeasure or distrust of the appointing power, and for this reason never obtained the official recognition among his countrymen that his abilities merited. His first published work was "Israelitische Eigennamen nach ihrer religionsgeschichtlichen Bedeutung." It was a prize essay, and was issued in Haarlem while its author was a temporary resident of England. Among his works are a Syriac Grammar, which has been translated into English, as also his Introduction to the Greek New Testament. His "Novum Testamentum, Græce et Germanice," has gone through six editions, and his "Novum Testamentum, Græce et Latine," through two. His death while still almost in the prime of life is a distinct loss to scholarship. CHARLES W. SUPER.

Athens, O., April 15.

Literature

THE REVOLT AGAINST REASON.

Vital Lies, Studies of Some Recent Varieties of Obscurantism. By Vernon Lee. New York: John Lane Co. $3 net.

The late William James and the Modernist Father Tyrrell, Ernest Crawley, the anthropologist, and Georges Sorel, the philosophic advocate of Syndicalism, are the four new-style obscurantists upon whom Vernon Lee wreaks a relentless wit. The zest with which she harries her victims, the keenness of her destructive analysis, the pungency of her illustration, make this one of the most readable books on general philosophy written in our time. For its like in brilliant solidity one must go back to the theological tracts of Lessing. Indeed, Vernon Lee recalls in other respects the great German critic of the Enlightenment. Like him she is a skeptical rationalist, a foe of loose feeling and thinking, a scorner of loose rhetoric. On this score the four anti-rationalists who are the subject of her attention afford her most admirable material. Whatever the merit of their theories, the diction of William James and of Ernest Crawley seems expressly created to be ridiculed by Vernon Lee. At first blush one regrets that the ammunition so generously expended upon the four obscurantists could not have been reserved for the greatest of the tribe, Henri Bergson. Yet an anti-Bergsoniad, however desirable, would have been harder reading. Moreover, the fourfold division of Vernon Lee's counterblast makes for clearness quite as much as it does for picturesque effectiveness.

James, Tyrrell, Crawley, and Sorel are chosen as typical obscurantists, first because they all agree on the necessity of Vital Lies, next because that doctrine gains new and significant applications as it passes from champion to champion. It was William James who fished up the murex of pragmatic truth with which all subsequent anti-rational philosophies have been tinged. "Truth is what works," and, again, "Truth is agreeable leading," are his most characteristic definitions. Thus truth is neither, objectively, correspondence of opinion with facts, nor yet, psychologically, the endeavor to attain such agreement. Truth fades impressionistically into the will to please one's self, to get along, to be agreeably led. Such is the fundamental dye-stuff. Father Tyrrell, the excommunicated Modernist, had the high distinction of making only a minimum use of what threatened to become a universal ethic of expediency. Up to the point of his religious life, he remained a stickler for rational evidence. There he asserted the validity of a supra-rational religious sense which makes its own necessary affirmations. But these affirmations are to be tested solely by their mystical value, and need in no wise correspond with facts. Indeed, the issue of fact is held to be irrelevant and superfluous in the spiritual life. While a Pragmatist of the William James type seems in all concerns free to ignore outward fact and waive inward sincerity so long as no inconvenience results from such waiver, a Modernist of Father Tyrrell's stamp claims such liberty only in the field of religion. At bottom the position was not so unorthodox. The church has always held that without such mystical and supra-rational affirmation there can be no true religion. But the church has also held that that evidence is at every stage available—and worthless. It can convict the sinner of error, but cannot

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produce a state of grace. Father Tyrrell merely adds to the Aquinate the pragmatic notion that admittedly ineffectual evidence should be ignored. In contrast with the Holy See, Vernon Lee treats Father Tyrrell most benevolently, and he deserved such consideration.

Towards Mr. Crawley, whose "Mystic Rose" and "Tree of Life" ground all our morality and religion in grossest magic practices, our author assumes an Olympian levity. Mr. Crawley is a devotee of the subconscious. Believers are subconsciously religious, and, oddly enough, know they are, but so are unbelievers subconsciously religious and don't know it. This blissful subconscious state has grown out of a conscious one. Because a cannibal once consciously thought it well to eat his friend or foe in order to absorb their strength, a good Catholic now takes comfort, whether consciously or subconsciously is not apparent, in eating the sacramental bread. Moreover, we must hold to the mystical element in religion lest dry reason overmaster us and humble folk begin to question the prerogatives of their betters. Such in brief is Mr. Crawley's argument and tendency. Concerning both we can only say that we share Vernon Lee's contempt of the subconscious as a universal loophole of escape. The stress that much modern thinking sets upon the automatic self merely indicates a temperament too slack to analyze obscurer mental processes, or too indolent to control them.

Georges Sorel has carried the Vital Lie, or, as he terms it, the *mythe social*, into the realm of politics and reduction to the absurd. Without certain dynamic illusions, which are essentially mythical and contrary to fact or probability, mankind would lack inducement to resolute collective action. The early Christians were in error as to the imminency of the Last Judgment, but without that stimulating social myth Christianity would never have conquered Europe. So the Syndicalists have shown a true sagacity in framing and believing the social myth of the general strike. It may or may not come off, but something certainly will; meanwhile the myth keeps class hatred in a lively and hopeful condition, and makes possible some sort of a future proletarian triumph.

Obviously, all these eschewals of evidence, analysis, and old-fashioned truth may be viewed in terms of Bergson's expansive *élan vital*. But he is shrewd enough to keep an ancillary reason in close attendance. Thus his Vital Impulse has a more ladylike look—as it were travelling with her maid—than James's Will to Believe, or Sorel's Social Myth. Changing the metaphor, Bergson's Vital Impulse seems to have the rare merit of being a gentleman who does seem heroic to his valet. We should be glad to see Vernon Lee pitched against this more worthy antagonist.

It is easy for her to show the fundamental vice of all these obscurantist exaltations of impulse into authority. The Vital Lie flourishes only on condition that it be taken for truth. The moment we have the philosopher honestly urging people to act on what he admits may be falsehood, because to do so is useful or comfortable, that moment vitality and following will depart from the lie. In short, mankind has always lived and died by what it took for truth. If St. Paul, in that wonderful chapter of Corinthians, had carefully explained that the resurrection was merely a useful and heartening social myth, the early Christians would hardly have faced the beasts of the circus. But M. Sorel expects his Syndicalists to die at the barricades for what he tells them in advance they will never attain. In short, consciously, unconsciously, or subconsciously—we desire to make all the humane allowances—the advocates of useful illusion and the lie vital are in the invidiously favored position of augurs, tongue to cheek, exquisitely rolling under enlightened tongue the salutary error to which meaner morals are happily prone.

In general, Vernon Lee's argument seems to us formidably cogent. It is the most drastic overhauling that the impressionistic philosophies have yet had. Here and there she makes the common slip of confusing the conceptions of fact and truth; but the force of her aggression is hardly impaired by such minor tactical solecisms. For the reader's pleasure a couple of extracts are given. One will hardly recognize the Vernon Lee of "Euphorion":

> As regards Pragmatism it does not furnish us with a Pluralistic Universe, but with a thinker who interrupts his thinking, an experimenter who breaks off his experiment, whenever it suits his feelings. Pragmatistic thought resembles the artist's thought, in so far as both not only build for the Heart's Desire, but also (as Omar Khayyam forgot to mention) break off and sweep away its own construction whenever the logical necessities, *i. e.*, the peculiarities independent of his wishes, begin to bore or annoy it.
>
> I have even caught myself wondering whether Human life has really ever required lies. But it has wanted certainties where certainty was unattainable, hopes and consolations where there was reason for neither. Above all, Human life has wanted rest for tired minds before they had got to a rational resting place, and freedom for busy ones to think of something else. So, when all is said and done, Vital Lies represent human weakness, human sloth, and human dulness, above all perhaps human impatience, which cuts down the tree to eat the fruits. In other words, it seems as if Vital Lies meant the need of the moment and the individual against the need of the race and of the future.

If Vernon Lee's analysis is right, the Vital Lie and Social Myth are essentially lethal and anti-social. Perhaps the recent obscurantist theories find their clearest condemnation when applied to history. Shall we regard human history as merely the substitution of one set of Vital Lies for another? Or do we see collective errors falsely believed to be vital gradually yielding to truths? Such is the issue in briefest words. History gives no doubtful answer, and, indeed, the distinguishing mark of the modern anti-rationalists has been their lack of the historic sense.

CURRENT FICTION.

New Leaf Mills. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Bros.

This is the Howells of "A Boy's Town," the Howells who was born and "raised" in Ohio, and whose memories of Middle Western types and conditions in the fifties have not been dimmed by time or absence. The period of the chronicle is precisely that of the writer's boyhood. The Mexican War is in the past, and the new Fugitive Slave law is a burning issue of discussion, especially in the borderland between North and South. The cause of Abolition is still a new cause, and its champions form an unpopular minority. To it, like the grandfather of the "Boy's Town" boy, belongs the Owen Powell of the story; like him, too, he is proprietor of a "book and drug store." Like the "Boy's" father, he is a Swedenborgian, and thereby further isolated from most of his fellow-townsmen; and like him he is a man of cheerful spirits as well as of serene faith. Among his children is a youth lightly but clearly sketched as "the Dreamer," whom it is not difficult to identify with the chronicler's memory of himself.

Owen Powell, the father, is a dreamer unconscious of his limitations. The failure of the book and drug business only paves the way, in his fancy, to success in a more congenial form of enterprise. He "sells out," to some small profit and with the proceeds and the vague promise of his brothers' coöperation, buys a back-country property, including grist-mill and saw-mill, which he pleasantly dreams of converting into a fortune-making paper manufactory, with "a settlement of communal proportions about it." . . . "Owen Powell believed that a responsive feeling would be awakened in the neighbors when they saw that the newcomers did not wish merely to make money for themselves, but to benefit all by improvements that would increase the price of land and give employment to their children." A chance phrase of one of the brothers gives the name, "New Leaf Mills," to the enterprise. The new leaf, such as it is, remains for Owen

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and his little family to turn alone. The man and his wife have both spent their youth in the rough country. To him leaving the town is an escape, a return not only to nature, but to the romance of frontier life. To her it is a relapse, a reversion to conditions painfully outgrown.

It is, in fact, a log cabin in which they spend their first winter, Powell being tolerated and laughed at, and in some sense liked and respected, by the neighbors he means to benefit. A wooden house is projected and even "raised" with the aid of the neighborhood; but the Powells are not destined to take root: there are other new leaves for them to turn, and we leave Powell, at the end of the narrative, about to return, wistful, defeated, but not crestfallen, to town life, and the New Church bookshop which is faintly looked to as a restorer, or, rather, originator, of the family fortunes. The gentle irony of the whole story, or episode, culminates in the closing paragraph:

> Powell himself, while holding fast to the principles of justice in politics, now confined his assertion of them to aiding the escape of fugitive slaves from Kentucky, whom he enjoyed hiding in the basement of his store till he could forward them to some other underground station. He did not relinquish the ideal of the true state of things which he and his brothers had hoped to realize at New Leaf Mills, but he was inclined to regard the communistic form as defective. The communities of Robert Owen had everywhere failed as signally as that of New Leaf Mills, which, indeed, could scarcely be said to have passed the embryonic stage. But he argued, not so strenuously as he used to argue things, but as formally, that if some such higher conception of society could possess the entire state, a higher type of civilization would undoubtedly eventuate.

The Flirt. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

In Capitol City, "that smoky illuminant of our great central levels," Mr. Tarkington presents one of those Middle-Western "metropolises" which have so frequently afforded a setting in recent fiction. And again we find ourselves in contact with a past, with a city which has had time to shift its architectural enslavement from mansard and cupola to the gables and jig-saw decorations of "Queen Anne," and thence to more varied if not more sensible fashions: "The Goth, the Tudor, and the Tuscan had harried the upper reaches to a turmoil attaining its climax in a howl or two from the Spanish Moor." Manners have changed to match. It is in one of the mansard survivals, however, that Valentine Corliss, returning to Capitol City after many years abroad, finds a high product of civilization. Cora Madison is beautiful, low-voiced, perfectly dressed, a coquette to the manner born. Beneath the surface she is a quite vulgar and heartless person, but so she would have been in the Paris or Naples of Mr. Corliss's choice. She has jilted a number of her fellow-citizens, and is half-engaged to one of them at the moment; but she at once arranges her cards for the newcomer. Though he appears to be an easy victim, however, he is really an old hand, and the result of the contest is a drawn game. Offset against this sufficiently unpleasant and luckless pair are other two, whose story, in so far as it can be detached from that of the flirt and her rascal, is simple and romantic enough to have been conceived by the author of "Little Women." And there is a bad boy who is considerably more amusing and somewhat less incredible than his kind. The excellence of the story lies in its style rather than its matter.

Comrade Yetta. By Albert Edwards. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This is the story of the growth of a strong and interesting character. For background it has the swarming life of the sweatshop region on the East Side; there are strikes and rumors of strikes, and much talk of Socialism and syndicalism. Yet the book is not a piece of "novelized" sociology. These things are included because they are part of the life of the characters; in a sense, they adorn the tale, but they only incidentally point a moral. Yetta Rayefsky is the daughter of a Russian Jewish immigrant, an educated man who keeps an unprosperous second-hand book shop. He dies when she is fifteen, and she goes to live in the family of a disreputable uncle, who soon sets her to work in a vestmaker's shop. Here she becomes the "speeder," whose duty it is to set the pace for the other workers. All her earnings are taken by her uncle and aunt. Her good looks expose her to the dangerous attentions of Harry Klein, a "cadet," or professional seducer, who easily persuades her in her innocence to become engaged to him. She is saved from him through the accident of her insisting that he go with her to the "skirt-finishers' ball" instead of to the dance-hall. At the ball, which is held to raise money for the striking skirt-finishers, she meets Mabel Train, a college graduate, who is secretary of the Woman's Trade-Union League, and Walter Longman, Mabel's persistently rejected lover. Through their help, and that of Isadore Braun, a young Socialist lawyer and newspaper writer, she becomes a leader among her former fellow-workers, and gains a sort of informal education. The story is unconventional and has a striking verisimilitude; it is as real as Mary Antin's autobiography, which may indeed have suggested it. The principal characters are vigorously drawn and sharply distinguished, and they are not disposed of in the traditional way at the end.

General Mallock's Shadow. By W. B. Maxwell. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The question, "Can they really be as dull as they seem?" often suggests itself about people in stories as in real life. As to the story people, the question is relatively easy to answer. When we have finished the book we can often say with conviction: "Yes, they are, if possible, even duller than they seemed at first." This is true of the highly respectable group of English men and women whom we meet in "General Mallock's Shadow." And the reason is not far to seek. These people are dull because the author was not really interested in them. They are there to serve as padding: to eke out the short-story plot into a novel of respectable dimensions. An old general, disgraced twenty years before for alleged cowardice in surrendering a frontier post in India, and grown morbid through brooding over his wrongs, redeems his reputation and regains his self-respect by a desperately gallant defence of a quarry foreman who has taken refuge in his house from a mob of armed strikers. This situation gives the book its one good scene. The rest of the story is concerned with the love affairs of the General's daughters, which are considerably less exciting than those of Miss Austen's heroines, and are set forth without the help of the comic spirit.

THE NEW REGIME.

Republican France, 1870-1912: Her Presidents, Statesmen, Policy, Vicissitudes, and Social Life. By Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $4 net.

Mr. Vizetelly is an Englishman, but he has had exceptional opportunities for writing of French history with sympathy and understanding; and he has, in fact, produced a fascinating book on France during the Third Republic. A young man pursuing his studies in France when the war broke out, he was in Paris during the siege, and afterwards resided there for many years as political correspondent for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Illustrated News*, and other London papers. His business and his ability brought him into close contact with many prominent men of the time; he became a familiar figure in the political salons; and he thus acquired a direct, personal knowledge of men and events which, supplemented and corrected by wide and careful reading, gives his book, with its vivid description of characters and its wealth of incidental detail, the value of a contemporary source—the value of memoirs written by an excellent observer who has no

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record to justify, or cause to celebrate.

Interested, like Bachaumont, though in a less degree, in the "indiscretions of history," Mr. Vizetelly allows us to see the actors with the mask off. No book in English contains more excellent descriptions of the leading men and women of the time, who are revealed all the better for being sketched in various poses rather than painted in finished portraits. Here is the "little man," Thiers, shrewd, almost crafty, courageous, and patriotic, resolute bourgeois always; and Madame Thiers, bourgeois too, "wearing a little black lace cap, and usually gowned in black also," not altogether at ease as the first lady of the land, "going hither and thither, speaking to her guests with a kind of anxious solicitude." Here is Gambetta, with offensive table manners, with ill-fitting black coat worn all shiny, growing conservative and politic (for him), and losing his influence, as time passes. Here is the upright MacMahon, marching with military stride along the boulevard, with hands in pockets, smoking a cigar; and Monsieur le Président Grévy in the billiard-room of the Elysée palace, "playing for a 'hundred up' in his shirt sleeves, now against Lord Lyons, the British Ambassador, now against Le Royer, President of the Senate, or M. Andrieux, Prefect of Police." And a hundred other great folk, very human after all.

Yet the past is here, too. In this eager bourgeois world, the derelicts of the *ancien régime* take their place, standing apart. At the official receptions in the time of Thiers, "the most highly placed ladies," we are told, "preferred to congregate in the Gobelins drawing-room, forming a circle, as it were, around the Orléans princes, Paris, Nemours, and Joinville"; and there, too, was the "violet-robed Papal Nuncio, rarely, if ever, stirring from the ladies' circle"—of the world, but not in it, princes and women, with the priest in the midst, drawing their skirts about them. A striking picture, and significant of much French history in the nineteenth century. While the chief value of Mr. Vizetelly's book is in the wealth of concrete incident through which the age receives its form and pressure, the narrative also reveals to the discerning eye, though without bringing them into sharp relief, the persistent issues of French politics.

As a rule, Englishmen have not excelled in writing the history of France since 1789. They do not understand the kind of conservatism that is French, but only the kind that is English. The delusion persists, in America as well as in England, that the French people, having been infected with the doctrinaire spirit of the eighteenth century, have never quite recovered sanity in political affairs, and that as a consequence their history, through the nineteenth century, has been little more than a series of footless revolutions—"Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

As a matter of fact, English institutions have probably changed as much since 1815 as have those of France since 1789. But it must be confessed that the two people conduct their revolutions after a different manner. Englishmen persuade themselves, indeed, that they are not revolutionary at all, because they do not barricade the streets, and because they rarely learn that a change has been effected in their institutions for a generation after it has occurred; aware at last that something has happened, they formulate an hypothesis that accords with the facts. Frenchmen, on the contrary, wrote the theory of their revolution before they began it, and then consciously set about to make the facts square, as nearly as might be, with the theory—"*La Révolution était faite lorsqu'elle éclata*," if one may apply the famous epigram of Chateaubriand in a somewhat different sense from what was originally intended.

Hence *la Révolution*, of which they speak in France, being an active or guiding principle rather than a concrete event, is always with them; and it may be as effective for conserving institutions as for overturning them. For a decade after 1789, the Revolution involved far-reaching changes in social arrangements; but by 1808 France was essentially what it has since remained —"a democratic society whose affairs are managed by a centralized administration." It is true that since 1808 the form of the government has been altered seven times. But these "revolutions" have been altogether superficial, touching, in respect to the changes which they effected, only the surface mechanism of political procedure, undertaken in defence of the essential principle of the Revolution, the principle of equality—undertaken precisely to maintain *la Révolution*.

To preserve the Revolution at home, whether under monarchy, empire, or republic, and abroad to tear up the treaties of 1815 and 1870—these are the motives which give consistency to French history in the nineteenth century. Mr. Vizetelly's grasp of French history as a whole is not very evident, and his discussion of the politics of the Third Republic is, besides, too informal and fragmentary to bring out these persistent issues as clearly as one might wish. Yet his knowledge of French character, and particularly his sympathy with the average middle-class sentiment, sometimes enable him, in the treatment of crucial events, to hit the mark with admirable precision.

Take, for example, the Tunis affair. By establishing a protectorate there in 1881, "France had virtually achieved her first conquest since the reverses of 1870." Jules Ferry, who accomplished this result, should have been immensely popular, one supposes. Not at all. "The minister was guilty of every crime, and it was necessary to depose him as soon as possible." The explanation Mr. Vizetelly finds in *la Revanche*, which "still predominated in France. The strength of France must not be frittered away in any rash colonial enterprises; it must remain entire, ever available, so as to contend with the great peril which might come, at any moment, from beyond the Vosges!" It was this sentiment, too, which contributed to prevent France, "despite the views of some of her ablest statesmen, from coöperating with Great Britain in the occupation of Egypt." Yet "England became hated for her action in that respect." This is perhaps the very key to French diplomacy in the nineteenth century: for the sake of *la Revanche*, France has conceded much to England; yet underneath the *entente cordiale* a jealous irritation remains because England, until recently not aware of the need of French aid, has made the most of these concessions.

In respect to domestic politics, the author is not at all distressed, as an Englishman is likely to be, by the apparent lack of distinct party alignments, or nonplussed by the frequent changes of Ministry, or too much disturbed by the evidence of explosive social forces which trivial events seem always about to release. If the significance of the Commune is not very well understood, at least the meteoric rise of Boulanger and his pathetic collapse, the Dreyfus affair, so inexplicable to the average Anglo-Saxon mind, appear to Mr. Vizetelly in the light neither of paradox nor of mystery. These manifestations, he seems to say, are always possible in France, but one need not despair of the Republic for all that. They are possible, indeed, because *la Révolution* remains always the vital issue: one has only, as MacMahon said, to set up the white flag—or, one might perhaps add, the red flag—against the tri-color, and "the Chassepots go off of their own accord." It should be said that Mr. Vizetelly has no liking for the red flag and little respect for the white: his point of view is from the middle ground, his sympathy is with the average conservative sentiment of the nation.

The Episodes of Vathek. By William Beckford. Translated by Sir Frank T. Marzials. With an introduction by Lewis Melville. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $5 net.

Beckford's *libellus* has had, in truth, a fate of its own—and a strange one. Written in impeccable and very characteristic French, it is virtually known to the world in an English version made by a pedantic and disloyal tutor. And now these supplemental Episodes, drawn

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at last from the charter room of Hamilton Palace, appear in their original French in this book in small type as a kind of appendix, and are preceded by an English translation by no means remarkable. A perverse fate still follows Beckford, and he is never to be allowed to speak simply for himself.

And yet his Oriental tale stands in a class by itself and marked an epoch. It could not have come much earlier or any later. Just as the life of Beckford corresponds almost exactly with that of Silvestre de Sacy, who gave to Oriental studies in Europe an entirely new and scientific basis, so his story is among the last of the Oriental eighteenth-century unrealities, and yet shows in the choice of its hero and in much of its detail the beginnings of a search for reality through contact with the East. For Beckford had made Oriental studies; he had read Turkish poetry and had bought MSS. left by Wortley Montague—including an odd volume from the MS. of the Arabian Nights now in the Bodleian—from which he intended to publish translations, and did, in fact, publish one. Yet he was held, too, in the tradition of the past. That his collateral ancestor, Count Anthony Hamilton, wrote in French his parodies of the Oriental stories then current, probably dictated his choice of language. Beyond this and a touch of Gallic salt in expression—not always seemly—that influence did not go. Beckford took the East more seriously and did not write a parody, but an imitation: his horrors were meant to be real. And so, too, his remorse. The moralizing influence of the "Tales of the Genii" is heavy on the latter part of his story. There, also, the Gothic terrors of "The Mysteries of Udolpho" have overcome his levity and lifted his style to the stately glooms of the catastrophe. The flaming hearts were conveyed from "The Mogul Tales" and transformed in the conveyance from the absurd into perfect art. But the Hall of Eblis was his own, a memory of that at Fonthill, "simple, lofty, loud echoing," as it had blazed with lamps and fires for the three-day festival of his twenty-first birthday. And though his creation of Eblis owes much to such disparate influences as Milton and Jean Paul Bignon, it owes more—and its essence—to his own genius, anticipating the Byronic romanticism.

It is tolerably plain that the Episodes for "Vathek" were conceived at an early stage—there is a reference to them in a letter of January, 1783—and that Henley knew that they were to form a part of the story in his hands. But Beckford, on his side, owes two things to Henley's action. It is highly probable that he would never have published if his hand had not been forced. And, further, if by any chance he had finished his Episodes and published the whole, the effect would not have been comparable with that which the sole story of "Vathek" by itself affords. In their *genre* the Episodes are admirable; but only in certain respects is their *genre* that of "Vathek." The action of "Vathek" is simple and direct; its windings do not entangle the reader, for the road is clear. But in the Episodes there is need of a constant effort, only short of that required by Count Anthony Hamilton's fantasies. Beckford's imagination is still working, but under a strain. The vivid scenes, the sardonic flavor, the resource of picturesque detail, the use of character, are all there; but the youthful flash of inspiration which made "Vathek" that strangest of all compounds, an Oriental tale and a dramatic unity, is utterly lacking. He is driving himself to furnish three other unified actions, failing in the effort and sinking towards the level, so far as unity is concerned, of the stories he read in his childhood. And even if these added tales had been as direct and clear as "Vathek," the violent intrusion of them would have hopelessly blunted the effect. At the point where they would have come there could be no delay, nor might anything turn us from those figures which we had followed so long, and in whose fate there lies a real *katharsis* of pity and fear. But for Henley—unwitting what he did—that would have been ruined. Some feeling of this may have developed in Beckford himself, for when, in 1833, an opportunity for the inclusion of the Episodes in an edition of "Vathek" presented itself, he imposed such financial conditions on Bentley, the publisher, as were impossible. The reason could not have been that he felt unable to complete the third Episode, for he had already in the Paris edition of 1787 dropped entirely the fourth Episode (mentioned in the preceding Lausanne edition of the same year) and found a means, in the sudden breaking in of the catastrophe, to avoid the completion of even the third.

Mr. Melville's introduction is adequate, and all interested in the influence of the East on the West are in his debt for this edition.

The Doctrine of the Person of Jesus Christ. By H. R. Mackintosh. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Jesus. By George Holley Gilbert. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

The Historic Jesus. By Charles Stanley Lester. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Christological controversies and the ecumenical councils are the traditional *pons asinorum* of students of theology. According to the orthodox dogmatics, the positive elements of the creeds of Nicæa and Chalcedon were implied, if not explicitly asserted, in the New Testament, but Satan stirred up the minds of certain bold and rebellious spirits to question and deny first one and then another of the tenets which culminate in the doctrine of the Trinity, and the entire series of councils was necessary for the putting down of the various heresies and the perfect definition of the truth. For the convenience of the theologue, Providence arranged the matter so that there was in each case one error, one heretic, one champion of orthodoxy, and finally, in the decision of the council, one element of the perfect Christian creed. The only difficulty in mastering the subject was to get the right heretic opposed to the right champion, and fix in the mind which council attended to Arius and where Nestorius and Eutychus met their several defeats. The master hand of Baur opened new possibilities in the treatment of this era of human thought, and the fresh handling of the subject by Adolf Harnack in his "History of Dogma" stimulated renewed interest. The influence of these scholars is manifest in a comparison of Professor Mackintosh's history of Christology with the older dogmatics. In the present volume one follows a real and vital movement in religious thought, made necessary by the problems and temper of the times, whose results are fair subjects of criticism.

In several important respects the views of popular orthodoxy concerning Christ find correction in the pages of Professor Mackintosh. He maintains that it is unnecessary that we should clothe our ideas respecting Jesus "in the formulas of conciliar theology." This is a departure from Luther and Calvin and from prevailing Protestant, as well as Catholic, belief. He does not hesitate to say that "the doctrine of two natures, in its traditional form, imports into the life of Christ an incredible and thoroughgoing dualism." "The doctrine of two natures," he insists, "if taken seriously, gives us two abstractions instead of one reality, two impotent halves in place of one living whole." The definition of the two natures in the Westminster Confession is distinctly repudiated. Notwithstanding the classic condemnation of the monotheletic heresy, Professor Mackintosh declares that "we cannot predicate of Him two consciousnesses or two wills: the New Testament indicates nothing of the kind, nor is it indeed congruous with an intelligible psychology." The popular notion, according to which Jesus was half-God and half-man, which of course was never the serious thought of the church, could not find more vigorous refutation than in these pages.

Nevertheless, Professor Mackintosh is orthodox, alike in his analysis of the New Testament material, in his history of Christological doctrine—the major

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portion of his volume—and in his reconstructive doctrinal statement. He maintains earnestly the sinlessness of Jesus, arguing from general considerations to historic facts, like a true child of scholasticism. He does not stumble at the term Godhead applied to Jesus, and he maintains that "each new conception of Christ we form, only to dismantle and reshape it later on the score of inadequacy, gives place to one always more broad and deep and high." Like Herrmann, whose "Communion with God" he calls "a priceless volume," he is certain that in Jesus we are face to face with "a redeeming act of God."

This treatise will doubtless be hailed as a triumphant vindication of evangelical orthodoxy by a master of free inquiry, who accepts cordially modern principles of criticism and philosophy. That the work is able, fearless, and at many points suggestive cannot be denied, but it may also be predicted that its conclusions will not long stand. The fundamental defect is failure to reckon with the New Testament criticism of the last twenty-five years. "The Christ depicted in every part of the New Testament is *radically* the same Christ," the author urges.

The analysis of the synoptic narratives he dismisses as "nebulous." Various phases of opinion concerning Christ in the New Testament authors are recognized, but not radically distinct stages of opinion, including legend and myth.

That legend and myth must be reckoned with, such a study as that of Professor Gilbert makes manifest. He devotes nearly a third of his volume to analysis of the sources, and to distinguishing their relative historical value, and another third to treatment of the "legendary Jesus." It is impossible not to believe that these results in historical criticism will have an effect upon the doctrine of the person of Christ. To construe that doctrine without reference to such distinctions among the sources as Professor Gilbert makes clear is as fallacious as to attempt to portray the religion of early Israel without reference to the pentateuchal analysis, on the ground that the religious faith of the documents is "radically the same." Yet this is what Professor Mackintosh has done.

Mr. Lester's volume is an attempt to popularize the results of scientific inquiry with respect to the life and teachings of Jesus. He essays to answer the question, "What may we teach the boys?" in view of the work of higher criticism in the field of the gospels. The attempt is doubtless sincere, but the author does not show sufficient scholarship for his task. He has read the critics with too great credulity and has not always understood their meaning. He announces as established results views which are still under debate. One might assert on his authority that all interpolations in the preëxilic prophets are in Aramaic, that Jesus was of Indo-European stock, either Amorite or Greek, that the Semitic mind is incapable of monotheism. More serious even than such glaring distortions of fact is the author's want of appreciation of the historical significance and religious greatness of Jesus.

Notes

We may expect shortly from John Lane: "Memories," by Stephen Coleridge; "The Invincible Alliance," essays by Francis Grierson; "The Silence of Men," a novel by H. Provost Battersby, and Evelyn Brentwood's novel, "Henry Kempton."

Moffat, Yard & Co. announce "The New Morality, an Interpretation of Present Social and Economic Forces and Tendencies," by Edward Isaacson, and Mrs. Ethel Watts Mumford's "Out of the Ashes," a novel of New York life.

Among the books shortly to be published by Putnams are the following: "The Knave of Diamonds," a story by E. M. Dell; "The Southland of North America," by George Palmer Putnam; "The Friendly Enemy," by T. P. Cameron Wilson; "Zones of the Spirit," being a translation by Claud Field of Strindberg's latest work; "The Old-Fashioned Woman—Primitive Fancies about the Sex," by Elsie Clews Parsons, and "The Primitive Family as an Educational Agency," by Arthur James Todd.

Mr. Ralph Stock, son of the London bookseller, is about to issue "The Confessions of a Tenderfoot," which includes accounts of the Canadian Northwest, American lumber camps, etc. Holt is the publisher.

We are asked to announce that the second session of the Congrès Mondial des Associations Internationales, which meets once in three years, will be held at Ghent and Brussels, June 15-18, next. The purpose of the Congress is to establish permanent relations among the directors of large organizations having international bearings.

Persons possessing letters of the late Clara Barton are requested to send them to Mr. Stephen E. Barton, No. 85 Water Street, Boston, Mass., for use in connection with the preparation of the authorized biography of Miss Barton. All letters sent will be carefully handled, copied, and the originals will be promptly returned to the owners.

The Godkin Lectures at Harvard will be given this year by Mr. Herbert Croly, author of "The Promise of American Life." The five lectures, under the general title of "Democracy and Responsibility," will be as follows: April 23, New Tendencies in Democracy; April 25, The Old Democracy and the Constitution; April 28, The New Democracy and the Constitution; April 30, Direct versus Representative Government; May 2, The Mechanism of Popular Representation.

A long article by Prof. A. Schinz in the *Revue d'histoire littéraire* gives some interesting information in regard to Rousseau's "Contrat Social." As that work now stands, the body of it can, with a few minor changes, be adapted to either an atheistical or a religious view of the state. But the manuscript first draft of the treatise, which has been discovered at Geneva, contains an introductory chapter of purely "philosophical" tendency, arguing that society must be reorganized without religion. When, eight years after the date of this draft, the work was published, this chapter was dropped and a new chapter was added at the end, contending that a strong society cannot be established except on a religious foundation.

The Oxford Press issues a reprint of the Kilmarnock edition of Burns's Poems, dating from 1786, with an introduction and notes by M. S. Cleghorn. The service of these Oxford reprints, to which Mr. Frowde has given serious thought, can hardly be overstated. We regret, however, that the present edition, which has stiff paper and green boards, is not more securely bound.

So much has been written about Panama since the American canal builders began their work that it is almost impossible for any one to find new material and avoid repetition. Farnham Bishop has not attempted the impossible. In "Panama Past and Present" (Century), a compact volume, with a generous number of illustrations, he has treated the subject in a popular manner, making the old adventurers fight their way across the Isthmus and back, and telling the story of the Panama Railroad, the French fiasco, the uprising against Colombia, and the coming of the Americans, first to wipe out fever, then to dig. There are chapters on the remarkable sanitary work of Col. Gorgas, the building of the canal, the daily life of the men who are doing it, under the benevolent guidance of Uncle Sam, and an appreciation of Col. Goethals, who sits in his office every Sunday morning "to give justice to all who come and ask for it."

Of the making of books about golf there is no end. All champions have written them, or have been asked or have promised to write them, and in "The Art of Golf" (Outing Publishing Co.), by Joshua Taylor, we have the work of a brother of a champion—himself also a professional. About his book there is nothing distinctive, unless it be a homely directness of style in making plain his sound and approved views of the game. The one novelty of the volume is a chapter on the "Evolution of the Bunker." This is contributed by J. H. Taylor, formerly open champion, and traces the successive theories of golf hazards. He does not, however, bring out very clearly the modern idea of arranging bunkers and traps on diagonal lines, so as to give the short driver a chance, while retaining for long hitters their due advantage.

Strindberg did a greater service to the medical profession than to the general reader by keeping an accurate record of his hallucinations during those terrible years spent in Paris in the nineties of the last century, when his mind faltered and gave way. "The Inferno," as he called this diary, has now been published by Putnams in a translation by Claud Field. Because of the Swede's large personality and broad intelligence the picture of himself which is here presented may well inspire horror. As he wanders about the streets alone, people

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stare at him, he fancies, and even go out of their way to inflict petty persecutions. He shuts himself up in his small hotel, and with an improvised furnace in his room attempts to transmute the baser metals into gold. It is a day in July and the additional heat of the fire almost prostrates him, and does indeed burn his hands and wrists so badly that he is obliged to go to a hospital. But even in his experiments he cannot lose himself. A mysterious person in the next room can be heard doing everything that he does, simultaneously. His most trying hours are those just after midnight. Often at two o'clock he wakes up, choked by an electric stream which he supposes to be manipulated by some enemy. The following is a typical experience:

> For three hours I lie awake with open eyes to which sleep refuses to come; then a feeling of uneasiness takes possession of me; I am exposed to an electric current which passes to and fro between the two adjoining rooms. The nervous tension increases, and, in spite of my resistance, I cannot remain in bed, so strong is my conviction: "They are murdering me; I will not let myself be murdered."

He changes his room for that night, being put directly under his foe. "I hear my enemy overhead get out of bed and place some heavy object in a box which he locks. He is concealing something then! Perhaps the electric machine." Having cast a gloom for the reader over the sunny Latin quarter, Strindberg removes to Sweden and then to Germany, experiencing a series of persecutions the ingenuity of which recalls the manner in which he has tortured stage characters of his own creation.

With its dedication to the Archbishop of Canterbury and its preface by the Bishop of Liverpool, "The Prayer Book Dictionary" (Longmans) may be said to have almost the *imprimatur* of the church. The volume, edited by George Harford, Morley Stevenson, and J. W. Tyrer, extends to something beyond eight hundred pages, and attempts to do for the Book of Common Prayer what various dictionaries of the sort do for the Bible. It is full enough and learned enough to be of use to the clergy, but it will also have great value for those who are in any degree interested in the Episcopal service. The sources of the Book and all things connected with the ritual are explained historically and dogmatically.

Six thousand letters of appeal, written to Mrs. E. H. Harriman by individuals, churches, hospitals, charitable agencies, universities, etc., from all parts of the world have been studied by the New York Bureau of Municipal Research; and one of its directors, William H. Allen, has put the results, along with some conclusions, into "Modern Philanthropy: A Study of Efficient Appealing and Giving" (Dodd, Mead). The volume is a presentation of the science of getting and bestowing aid. The reader will probably be amazed at the ingenuity of professional philanthropy-seekers, and more and more inclined to agree that there is great need of a system for setting "charity" to work where it is most needed. Dr. Allen's proposal is for nothing less than a nation-wide "clearing house" for appealers and givers, an institution which shall not, however, merely select the most deserving appeals and bring them to the attention of puzzled or indifferent millionaires or local governing bodies. What he has in mind is an institution that shall view the whole field, carry on a campaign of education that will train social workers and persons in general to discriminate between the case of a man needing examination for his sanity and one having an idea that should be realized, and, in a word, enlighten and direct the spirit of generosity. Much has already been accomplished in this direction, but it needs to be better coördinated, and much goes undone and even uninvestigated, perhaps unfelt.

"Penal Philosophy," by the late Gabriel Tarde, jurist and sociologist, translated by Rapelje Howell, is the fifth volume of the American Criminal Science series of translations (Little, Brown). In spite of the diffuseness which arose doubtless from the wealth of the author's learning, experience, and imagination, it is so far the most readable and interesting of the series, besides offering the most comprehensive treatment of the subject of crime. Tarde was an uncompromising opponent of the Lombrosists. In his view, crime is not an anthropological, but a sociological, fact. The criminal is not a madman, nor a savage, nor a degenerate, nor an epileptic. There is, indeed, a criminal type, with a special cast of features, but this is only a professional type, formed, like any other professional type, by the habits acquired in a special occupation. The theory of the book centres in the conception of responsibility. Tarde was too much a naturalist to accept the indeterminism demanded by the traditional retributory theory of punishment, yet too much of a lawyer to reject moral responsibility and treat punishment from a purely utilitarian standpoint, merely as a deterrent. His own theory is that responsibility is a matter of personal identity and social similarity, that is, of similarity within and among individuals. A mental aberration which renders a man irresponsible means that he has ceased to be his normal self; and, as between individuals, we hold an Englishman more clearly responsible for killing an Englishman than for killing a savage. Social similarity, again, is explained by the Tardean principle of imitation, according to which the dominant elements in society tend to transmit their character to the whole. Imitation also explains the origin of crime. In older times the lower classes imitated the higher, but to-day it is truer to say that the country imitates the city.

One can hardly deny that all this is very near to the point. But the formulation in terms of "similarity" and "imitation" is exceedingly crude. The social situation as depicted by Tarde reminds one strongly of the social situation inside of a paper bag where chocolate creams and cream mints are reposing together on a warm day. And when we read that arson is an imitation of the practice of feudal lords of burning their enemy's villages, and that counterfeiting is an imitation of a royal monopoly (334), we feel that imitation has gone mad. The criticism should be obvious. The difference between the relations of individuals in human society and the relations of objects in a paper bag lies in the fact that your human individuals are more or less conscious of themselves and of one another and capable, in the strictly proper sense of the term, of communication. The consequences of this relation are, however, highly complicated and very difficult to describe. It is much easier to set up in your imagination some sort of mechanical figure, or symbol, and then to develop the logic of the symbol rather than the thing symbolized. Fortunately, Tarde was too keen an observer to abide always by the logic of his conceptions. In the matter of imitation, we learn with some surprise that the model for imitation is apt to be "the person with most ideas of a civilizing kind" (329)—which is quite another matter. A man who dines in the evening because "all the best people" do it is clearly an imitator. A man who discovers in the custom a sensible and useful idea for his own use is exercising responsible judgment—but so far he is not an imitator. Again, no special responsibility towards another is imposed by the discovery that he wears the same size of collar as yourself, yet it seems true to say that, in most cases, an Englishman would be more closely bound by responsibility to a fellow-Englishman than to a savage. This, however, is less a matter of similarity than of mutual sympathy and understanding. Through the formation of an understanding a mutual obligation may be created between men of the most widely differing aims, but similarity binds nothing.

Messrs. Charles Eveleigh Woodruff and William Danks, two of the Cathedral Chapter, at Canterbury, have published a portly volume entitled "Memorials of Canterbury Cathedral" (Dutton). The successive stages in the construction of the building, the repairs and restorations, are interestingly described, with considerable attention to the history and internal economy of the priory of Christ Church. The authors have interpreted their subject broadly and have included such biographical and historical data as a true understanding of the history and environment of the building and of its clergy seemed to them to involve. While they have brought forward some fresh material (chiefly of very minor importance), and have adequately used some older material for the first time, the book is, on the whole, a retelling of the story already known to us from the treatises of Willis and the graphic pages of Dean Stanley. One is inclined to feel that for the general reader the volume ought to have been differently proportioned. Fifty pages on the daily life of a Benedictine monastery is too much space devoted to very familiar facts in a book which allots only some thirty pages to Becket's connection with the Cathedral, his murder, and his shrine. The event was clearly the most striking in the Cathedral's history; the shrine incontestably one of the most important in Western Europe during the Middle Ages; the resort of pilgrims one of the most characteristic sights during one-third of the Cathedral's life; the subject intimately connected with one of the enduring masterpieces of the world's literature—yet this great and fascinating topic receives only a meagre notice, and Chaucer is not so much as mentioned. We should also have liked a fuller description of so interesting a subject as the elaborate system of settling tanks and piping instituted in the twelfth century to provide the monks with pure water. Surely these features would

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have been more valuable to the ordinary reader than the long technical specifications regarding the bells, the various organs, the subjects past and present of the stained-glass windows, the list of organists and of the books in the library. The numerous excellent illustrations do not illustrate really significant facts. They do not include an adequate ground plan of the Cathedral, the explanatory legends on the one given being so illegible as to render the plan worthless; nor a plan of the Cathedral and adjoining buildings in Becket's day; nor a series of clear plans tracing the gradual growth of the building; nor a map showing the location of the Cathedral in the town and its relation to the numerous buildings so frequently mentioned.

"Karanog, the Meroitic Inscriptions of Shablul and Karanog," by F. L. Griffith, reader in Egyptology in the University of Oxford, is something more than a publication of inscriptions. It forms an important chapter in the progress of the decipherment of a still largely unintelligible system of ancient writing which we term "Meroitic," after the Ethiopian capital city, Meroe, the centre of the southern civilization of the Nile far above Egypt. The progress of research in this little understood region, which has preserved to us the only ancient history of a dark race now in any measure surviving, has been reported from time to time in the pages of the *Nation*. The University of Pennsylvania expedition to northern Nubia has contributed essentially to our limited knowledge of history in this remote region. The results attained have been published by the University Museum in a series of eight volumes, of which the last two have already appeared, the one which has just now appeared being number six. In two cemeteries in Lower Nubia, a large mass of tombstones and other mortuary monuments were found by MacIver. These he turned over to Mr. Griffith, who since 1907 has been devoting himself to deciphering the writing. In the introduction to the volume, Mr. Griffith is able to give the phonetic equivalents of both of the Meroitic alphabets; that is, the hieroglyphic and the more rapid system which, though it may not be called cursive, is termed by Mr. Griffith "demotic." These results required more than four years of special study and they form a monument which will bring lasting credit and honor to their author. They will furnish the basis for future research in the history of this southernmost outpost of ancient civilization.

In spite of republican simplicity a laudable respect for ancestors generally characterizes Americans, and family genealogies and histories bulk large in their historical research. But few have had so magnificent an idea as Alexander W. Hidden, who in his "The Ottoman Dynasty" (New York: Nicholas W. Hidden) has used the whole House of Othman as a background for the life and exploits of his father, and has worked in among the illustrations of his book fourteen family portraits, including three of himself, and various family documents reproduced in fac-simile. Besides these records, duly entered as part of the story of Turkey, there is a connected history of the Osmanli sultans from the birth of the eponymous founder, Osman, in 1258, to November, 1912, and a series of running notes on Turkish religion, law, and customs. The notes are chiefly remarkable as a proof—if any were needed—that a man may live for forty years in the most intimate contact with a foreign people, and yet, for lack of specific studies, remain in ignorance of the bases of their faith and practice. The illustrations are generally good if not novel.

Mr. Askew, whose ideas on a good many interesting matters we get in "Cross Views" (John Lane), through the pen of Mr. Wilfrid Scarborough Jackson, though he professes himself to be one of the serious, is yet, in spite of his name, by no means a person of disagreeable mental angularities. Indeed, aside from a few little vagaries of style, such as the rather persistent treatment of *without* as a conjunction, and an occasional sentence that yields its meaning somewhat reluctantly, Mr. Askew proves himself to be a delightful companion in the sixteen essays that make up the volume. He is not, in fact, excessively serious, and he is certainly not cantankerous; but he is also never smart, flippant, or paradoxical—an achievement, surely, in these days when the essay and, more broadly, the literature of comment in general aims to be so diabolically clever. Possibly the discursiveness seems a trifle forced and overdone in "Also a Garden," and still more so in "A Wet Day"; but in both there are delicious things far more than sufficient to justify their being; and the fault is nowhere repeated. One of the best of the essays is "John Bull." The first three pages of this paper draw a picture of the Englishman as a figure markedly in contrast to all other Europeans. The picture is not meant to be flattering to the Englishman's vanity; but, if one may say it without offence, Mr. Askew is characteristically English in his inability wholly to conceal his pride in the distinguishing temperamental limitations and defects which he confesses for the Englishman. But the book is in the main admirably written and abounds in brilliant things. One would search long for anything better, for example, than the account given on pages 153-154 of "an excellent lady" known to Mr. Askew. This lady's intellectual quality is delightfully suggested by her favorite remark when very hard pressed: "You may be right, but I know you are not."

A readable series of articles contributed a few years ago to a Shanghai newspaper were published there in a volume called "Lights and Shadows of Chinese Life," by John Macgowan. The book now seeks a larger audience under the title of "Men and Manners of Modern China" (Dodd, Mead)—to the confusion of librarians whose painful task it is to beware of old books reappearing under new names. The author's residence of half a century among the Chinese has given him an appreciation of their virtues, their qualities of industry and obedience, their cheerfulness, and their faith in education. Their faults are relentlessly noted in every relation, but despite the provoking nature of many of these—notably their indifference to filth and untruthfulness—there remains an abiding impression of a race likable not only as individuals, but as a people. The changes that are transforming China to-day are widespread and profound, but the currents of common life which Mr. Macgowan describes are not greatly affected by them. Under the republic, for example, state schools are designed to supplant the old voluntary system, "where the Government took no steps for the education of the children of the nation. It must be understood, however, that China, taken as a whole, is still carrying on the system of education that has been in existence during the past ages. It will take long before men trained to teach the new educational methods can be obtained for the countless schools throughout the empire." One of the amenities of the old-fashioned teacher's life here portrayed has never hitherto been revealed to the Western world. A teacher, it appears, is engaged by the year by the group of parents who are desirous of having their boys taught. His reputation as a scholar can only be tested by men of his own class. Now and then a clever scamp who knows his Classics will come along and visit the school:

> If the schoolmaster be a strong man and a good scholar, he has nothing to fear. If, however, he be a man of only moderate abilities and inferior scholarship, he is sure to be fleeced. For example, one of these strollers enters a schoolhouse during the time that the recitations are going on. He sees at a glance that the teacher is a poor fellow and no match for him. He at once assumes a stern and displeased air and says, "You have no right to be the instructor of these boys, for you have not the learning that would qualify you to teach them. I propose to examine you to see if you are fit for your post, and if not, you shall at once vacate it, and I will take charge of the school." It may be confidently affirmed that no such free-and-easy action could take place in any other country except China. The result is characteristic. No exchange is effected, but the poor teacher has to buy off the scoundrel, who usually proceeds to spend his misbegotten gains in riotous living.

There is an amazing chapter in Mr. Macgowan's book on lynch law in China, which the author declares to be an open and recognized power by which the people take cognizance of wrongdoing except offences against the state. Theft seems to be the transgression chiefly capable of "arousing the very worst passions that lie smouldering in the heart of the Chinese," and a confirmed thief, if he continues to prey upon a community that has repeatedly caught him, will ultimately be lynched in open day without interference from the authorities. Some of Mr. Macgowan's stories of torture and death by Chinese mobs are horrible enough, but the reader is struck by the evident eagerness with which he must have hurried to the spot so as to become an eye-witness of the scenes described, as well as by his concluding reflection that "the system of lynch law is more effective in China than hanging is with us."

The supplement-volume of Meyer's "Konversations-Lexikon" for 1911-1912 is a little larger than the previous ones, and is more profusely illustrated, the pictures, plans, diagrams, and maps numbering 1,260. Among the maps is one of the German Empire in colors, showing where each of the nine political parties had the supremacy on December 12, 1912. There is an interesting and suggestive illustrated article showing how the health of the school children in Germany is cared for. Accompanying the article on meteorology are twelve portraits, of which two are of the late Mr. A. Lawrence Rotch and Prof. Cleveland Abbe, of our Weather Bureau.

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In his recently published posthumous work on the antecedents of Goethe's "Faust" ("Faust, vom Ursprung bis zur Verklärung durch Goethe," Berlin: Verlag Karl Curtius), Oskar Schade discusses the ultimate sources and general relationship of the Faust legend and traces the two different lines of descent connecting Goethe's drama with the original Faust-book, published in 1587 in Frankfort-on-the-Main. The first of these follows the series of editions of the Faust-book, with their various modifications, down to the miserably printed chapbook which Goethe knew as a boy. The other branches off with the first dramatization of the popular book in Marlowe's "Faustus," which was carried by wandering troups of British actors to Germany, where it was appropriated and translated by German actors, and later adapted and garbled to suit the taste of various troups and audiences. In these corrupted forms the play enjoyed an era of remarkable popularity until the dramatic reformation of Gottsched, when it degenerated into a puppet play, in which form Goethe became acquainted with it. Schade claims for a previous publication of his (an edition of one of the versions of the puppet play) the honor of being the first to prove this second line of descent, though other writers had suggested its probability. Goethe himself was ignorant of the relationship. This work of Schade, who died some seven years ago, presents no new material and no new theory, but is a welcome addition to Faust literature because of its readable presentation of the accepted facts within a compass that will satisfy the student and interest the general reader.

Heinrich Schmidt's new "Goethe-Lexikon" (Leipzig: Alfred Kröner Verlag) is not what its title suggests, but a selection of quotations from Goethe's works, letters, diaries, and conversations, arranged in a quasi-alphabetical order. Each passage is cited, without comment, under the head of one of the words contained in it. In fact, this so-called lexicon is merely a book of quotations arranged conveniently for finding. But the references to sources give only titles of works, or names of persons to whom they are addressed, with the year, and will prove of little help to one wishing to know the context. To use the book as the compiler desires, however, the context is to be ignored. His design is to furnish isolated texts from Goethe upon which the seeker after philosophical help may profitably reflect. But the passages cited under each topic are so few and so superficially grouped that the pious reader will not gain much familiarity with the depths of Goethe's philosophy of life, in spite of the promises of the compiler's preface, which is as inflated as his title. And yet the maxims of the book do contain a world of wisdom, if only one knows their setting and true significance.

Recent volumes of the International Critical Commentary (Scribner) maintain the standard of the series in thorough scholarship and painstaking attention to all questions involved in text and interpretation. In the commentary on "The Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians," Prof. James Everett Frame faces some knotty problems of eschatology, which he handles with ability. The text is submitted to minute analysis, and by translation and comment the meaning is made clear, but the validity of the conceptions involved is not discussed. The authenticity of both epistles is defended. Professor Frame's work was preceded shortly by a treatise on the same subject by the brilliant German critic, Von Dobschütz, but the American work does not suffer by comparison. Of more interest than the usual critical commentary to the non-critical student is the study of the "Johannine Epistles," by Rev. A. E. Brooke, Dean of King's College, Cambridge. The introductory matter on the aim and purpose of the letters is really a chapter in church history, with important bearing on the question of the rise of the episcopate. The explanation of the text is more free than in most volumes of the series, and paragraphs devoted to application and improvement of the text are not wanting. A third and concluding volume on the minor prophets embraces commentaries on Haggai and Zechariah by Prof. Hinckley G. Mitchell, of Tufts College, Malachi by Prof. John Merlin Powis Smith, of the University of Chicago, and Jonah by Prof. Julius A. Bewer, of Union Theological Seminary, New York city.

Many a bookish American will regret to learn of the death of Honoré Champion, a bookseller and publisher of the old school. On the Quai Voltaire and later on the Quai Malaquais he was long a well-known figure.

The death is reported from London of William St. Chad Boscawen, who had long been connected with the department of Oriental antiquities in the British Museum. His successful work, "The First of Empires," was devoted largely to elucidating cuneiform texts of Western Asia. He was born in 1854.

Science

THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

PHILADELPHIA, April 21.

The sessions of the annual general meeting of the Society were held this year in the three days ending April 19. The address of welcome was made by the president, Dr. W. W. Keen, who, with Vice-Presidents W. B. Scott, of Princeton, and E. C. Pickering, of Harvard, presided at the various sessions. The meeting was exceptional in the large number and high quality of the papers presented and in the wide range of subjects treated.

In an earnest paper on "The Treaty Obligations of the United States relating to the Panama Canal," Charlemagne Tower gave a brief history of the various treaties and agreements between the United States and Great Britain relating to any such canal if ever constructed; and he urged that the United States was in honor bound not to do or allow anything which should be in any way inconsistent with the terms of our treaties.

In a suggestive paper on "The Cause and Significance of Fever" Dr. V. C. Vaughn, of Ann Arbor, explained that fever is due to the digestion of proteins in the blood and in the tissues. Bacteria are living proteins. They get into the body and grow, converting the proteins of man's body into bacterial proteins. After a period of incubation the cells of the body pour out a ferment which digests and destroys the bacteria. In this process fever originates. In itself fever is beneficial. It is a manifestation of the attempt on the part of nature to destroy the invading organisms. However, nature may overdo the matter, and fever *per se* becomes dangerous when it goes too high.

Dr. M. P. Ravenel, of the University of Wisconsin, explained how perfectly typhoid fever can be controlled by vaccination. This practice was tried for the first time on a large scale during the Boer War. Since then it has undergone investigation by scientific boards in several countries. In the United States it was recommended by such a board in 1909. The results were so favorable that in 1911 it was made compulsory for all officers and enlisted men under forty-five years of age. The method is an extension of the well-known bacterial vaccination discovered by Pasteur. The practice has proved of great value in checking epidemics and in the cure of "typhoid carriers."

Dr. Charles D. Walcott, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, gave illustrations of a very remarkable and ancient fossil fauna discovered by him in the mountains of British Columbia 2,000 feet above Field, on the Canadian Pacific Railway. The fossils are most beautifully preserved and include such delicate forms as jelly fishes, fine marine shells, and a large variety of crustaceans. Altogether more than eighty genera of invertebrate fossils have been found in a bed not above five feet thick. They are all of marine origin and lived at a period when there were no vertebrates in existence, such as fishes, reptiles, and mammals.

In a paper entitled "Some Unsolved Problems in Radioactivity," William Duane, late of the Curie Radium Laboratory in Paris, after treating of some of the purely physical aspects of the subject referred at some length to the excellent results that have been obtained abroad in the treatment of small superficial cancers by means of the rays from such radioactive substances as radium and meso-thorium. A number of pictures were presented showing the cases both before and after treatment.

The Saturday afternoon session was devoted to a special symposium on "Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony," Dr. Lewis W. Austin, head of the United States Naval Radio-Telegraph Laboratory at Washington; Prof. G. W.

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Pierce, of Harvard; Prof. M. I. Pupin, of Columbia, and Prof. A. G. Webster, of Clark, taking part. The last-named gave an account of his experiences as a member representing the United States at the International Radiotelegraphic Conference of London about a year ago, and described the work of the Conference in its essential features. It is expected that this Conference will meet in Washington four years from the present.

On Friday evening a reception was held at the hall of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, when Prof. G. G. MacCurdy, of Yale University, gave an illustrated lecture on "The Antiquity of Man in the Light of Recent Discoveries."

On Saturday evening the usual banquet at the Bellevue-Stratford was attended by above one hundred members and guests. The toast to "The Memory of Franklin" was responded to by his Excellency the French Ambassador, M. Jusserand; that to "Our Guests" by Prof. Arthur Schuster, F.A.S.; that to "Our Institutions of Learning" by Prof. A. G. Webster; and that to "The American Philosophical Society" by Mr. Hampton L. Carson.

Thus ended perhaps the most successful series of meetings ever held by "the oldest scientific society in America."

ARTHUR WILLIS GOODSPEED.

The following science books are announced by Dutton: "The Entomologist's Log Book," by Alfred Scorer; "A Dictionary of Botanical Names," by George F. Zimmer, and "The Guild of Garden Lovers," by Constance O'Brien.

Holt is bringing out this week Dr. E. Mather Sill's work, "The Child, Its Care, Diet and Common Ills."

Though not without certain scientific shortcomings, Mary Evans Francis has skilfully brought together in "The Book of Grasses" (Doubleday, Page) all the information that the intellectually inquisitive should need. The formidable nature of the ordinary technical treatment of grasses has been overcome by the substitution of plain English descriptions for each species. But the author has provided a check upon offhand and inaccurate determinations by including also a careful semi-technical description. There are pictures for many of the species, which aid materially in their determination, especially those showing dissections of the flowers. Excellent little illustrations accompanying an introduction on unfamiliar terms, make it relatively easy for any one to acquire knowledge of the parts of the flower—knowledge quite indispensable for the proper determination of grasses. The book gives a short account of the sedges and rushes, neither of which belong to the grass family, but are always popularly so termed. The fact that this is the first work that presents the commoner grasses in a non-technical and attractive manner is sure to make it deservedly popular. There are a number of features that the technical botanist might object to, but the work, on the whole, is admirably conceived and executed. For those interested especially in the grasses of particular locations, such as fields, meadows, sands and salt marshes, woodlands, etc., the author has prepared lists arranged in the order of flowering. A large number of illustrations of grasses *in situ* add to the usefulness of the book, and there are sixteen colored illustrations of the more important species. The color work is not up to the standard previously set by these publishers.

"Trees in Winter: Their Study, Planting, Care, and Identification" (Macmillan), by A. F. Blakeslee and C. D. Jarvis, is the fulfilment of a promise made by the authors, about a year ago, to issue in book form their very successful "New England Trees in Winter," which came out as part of Bulletin 69 of the Storrs Agricultural Experiment Station. They have added about 200 pages of introductory matter relating to the care and planting of trees, in which are considered, among other topics, the structure, life, growth, and propagation of trees. There are chapters on planting, care, injuries, diseases, and remedies. The introduction to the second part discusses such topics as habit, twigs, leaf-scars, buds, fruit, etc. Each of these, and several other aids in the determination of trees in winter, are discussed in detail, always from the point of view of the general reader and lumberman. A key to the genera and individual keys to each genus complete the introductory matter. It may be found that the keys will require more familiarity with such things than the average user of the work will have, but they are excellent and have been drawn with admirable fidelity. The body of this second part contains a detailed description of habit, bark, twigs, leaf-scars, buds, fruits, and wood, together with a discussion of the distribution and a comparison with other trees with which the one under discussion might be confused. Nearly all the native trees are so treated, as well as a number of wild species which are so widely cultivated that they attract as much attention as native kinds. For each species there is a splendid composite photograph showing general habit and character of bark and of the branches and twigs. Frequently, also, the fruits and nuts are shown. There is a comprehensive index and a glossary of botanical terms, which in the text have been avoided wherever consistent with accuracy. After the large crop of the "How to Know" books, and numberless compilations, the jaded tree-lover will turn with avidity to this excellent study, which for a certain thoroughness and freshness of handling is immeasurably in advance of any recent publication on the subject. Some discussion of the altitudinal preferences of the different species would have been welcome, but such a minor shortcoming in a book so generally excellent is of small moment.

In publishing his "Gardening Indoors and Under Glass" (McBride, Nast & Co.), Mr. F. F. Rockwell has put the gardening public under obligations. While it cannot supersede Mr. Rexford's "Indoor Gardening," which, on account of its enthusiasm and practical wisdom, should be on the shelves of every grower of house-plants, the new publication supplements and extends the older. The directions are thorough, taking the beginner from the growing of seedlings and cuttings, through the care of plants of a very wide variety, to the greenhouse or the frames, in order to prepare for outdoor culture. Mr. Rockwell occasionally has new methods (witness his flats and the scheme for watering and draining), and a blunt word of praise or blame where it is needed. The writing is simple and effective, having that conviction which arouses the reader to attempt the unknown, even leading him so far as to consider the possibility of a lean-to greenhouse.

In "A Farmer's Note-Book" (Badger), Mr. C. E. D. Phelps wanders from swimming to Socrates, from poetry to waterspouts, with glimpses at farm practices or events, whether past or present. The book is neither practical, keenly observant, nor deeply penetrative; its flavor is mild. Presumably called into print by the success of David Grayson, Mr. Phelps's book can compete with neither the philosophy nor the humanity of that stimulating writer.

John Mätter, the author of "Once" and "Three Farms" (Holt), is clever, imaginative, often witty, and always self-conscious. Like so many celebrants of the simple life, he does not know how to be simple, though he would very much like to know how. He pursues ingenuousness with a good deal of ingenuity. He calls us back to the farm, and makes his farmers talk like members of a coterie. He professes to own and read very few books, but his style is bookish in the extreme, determined to be literary at all costs. It may be that the doctrine of "back-to-the-farm" needs fresh adornment if it is to get a further hearing—or, rather, if it is to get beyond a hearing. Great numbers of city people now blandly admit that they would be better off in the country, that the real thing to do is to get close to the soil, to live the out-of-door life, to plough and hoe and—and whatever else it amounts to out there. Mr. David Grayson has not conducted his magazine adventures without an admiring audience, nor have the land agencies enounced the joys and the profits of farming to deaf ears. But most city people are pretty well satisfied to listen and assent, and we doubt whether elegant variations on the theme, like Mr. Mätter's, will really convince any citizen that it is time to take the train for Arcadia.

The first of the three farms with which fancy here plays begins and ends in fancy—a farm in the Riviera indolently dreamed of, and never really sought for. Our second is a quarter-section in Saskatchewan. Here a shack is built, twenty acres broken up, and a single crop of flax harvested; when we are transported, suddenly and without explanation, to our third, a family homestead in Indiana. As the farm and its responsibility belong to our father, and there is a resident farmer and wife to do the brunt of the work, we are in clover at last—free to enjoy what is enjoyable in farm life, and to avoid what is unpleasant. Books of this sort are well calculated to charm the city dweller, who takes his agriculture vicariously. The real farm-liver and farm-lover does not need to have the deep and solid satisfactions of his lot decked with an artificial glamour.

Lester Frank Ward, a member of many scientific societies in this country and Eu-

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rope, and in 1903 president of the International Institute of Sociology, died Friday in Washington. He was born in Joliet, Ill., in 1841, served in the Civil War, and in 1869 graduated from Columbian (now George Washington) University. He carried on investigations in geology, botany, and sociology. A list of his writings follows: "Guide to Flora of Washington and Vicinity," "Dynamic Sociology," "Sketch of Palæobotany," "Synopsis of the Flora of the Laramie Group," "Types of the Laramie Flora," "Geographical Distribution of Fossil Plants," "Psychic Factors of Civilization," "Psychological Basis of Social Economics," "Political Ethics of Spencer," "Principles of Sociology," "Outlines of Sociology," "Sociology and Economics," and "Pure Sociology."

Drama and Music

The Play of To-day: Studies in Structure. By Elizabeth R. Hunt. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

This volume bears upon a fly leaf the endorsement of the board of directors of the Drama League of America, commending it as "one of the most valuable among recent publications on the subject"—that is, on structure in modern plays. But it is difficult to determine wherein the special value consists. Such traditional laws of dramatic composition as are quoted are not particularly instructive, while the illustrations are not always authoritative or the opinions founded upon them indisputably sound. But the writer exhibits a wide acquaintance with theatrical literature, chats pleasantly enough upon a large variety of topics, and supplies a number of hints which will be fresh to novices if not to experts.

Altogether too much space is devoted to the analyses—not badly done in themselves—of such plays as "The Servant in the House," "Disraeli," "The Earth," and "Lady Windermere's Fan"; and it is somewhat startling to find "The Admirable Crichton" and "What Every Woman Knows" selected as ideal specimens of dramatic literature, although no one would dream of disputing the freshness, the humor, the whimsicality, or the attractiveness of either of them. What the author has to say about the masterly constructive skill displayed by Ibsen in his social plays is perfectly true, but the notion that there is anything new in the art of giving absorbing dramatic interest to psychological analysis is fantastic. One would suppose that "Othello" and "Macbeth" had never been written. What Ibsen did was to show that absorbing, if not especially attractive or inspiring, drama could be made out of the psychological and physiological peculiarities of ordinary everyday folk, without the aid of romantic accessories. And it should be noted that, with all his naturalistic and professedly logical methods he could, for his purposes, ignore probability like any romanticist. Incidents in real life do not always occur in accordance with physiological or philosophical formulæ. The author has a perception of this truth when, in upholding the cause of realism, she says that "one reason why life in its verity is too much for any but the greatest dramatic artist, is because it is so full of exceptions and aberrations, and so illogical in its workings." Precisely. The fact is, although many modern critics are unwilling to admit it, that imagination, when it does not deal with the supernatural or the frankly impossible, often gets nearer to the essential truth of nature than does the conscientious realist. Elsewhere, on the same theme, the writer argues: "Apparently the old structural forms need not be wholly abandoned. The drama of mental states always has its fundamental 'story,' just as much as 'Ruy Blas' or 'Fedora.' Often where this story is extracted and set in order, it proves quite as entertaining as the mere narrative of many an old romantic tragedy." Of course it does. One story may be as good as another, but the story that contains the most powerful human appeal and the finer intellectual or literary quality is apt to be the better story of the two.

Moffat, Yard & Co. will publish for the Educational Players Mrs. Emma Sheridan Fry's "Educational Dramatics," which is described as a guide for amateur actors.

"Sardou and the Sardou Plays" (Lippincott), by Jerome A. Hart, appeals to readers on the edge of literature with a natural predilection for authors likewise on the edge. The plan has a naïveté that rises almost to originality. One hundred and twenty-nine pages of biography, of interest mainly anecdotic, are followed by two hundred and thirty-six pages of summaries of plots related solely for their worth as narratives. An appendix (not so called) enumerates Sardou productions in the United States. The thirty-seven abstracts of plots suggest the remark that such summaries, if more briefly, ably, and seriously done, might have a value, partly as guides to reading, partly as dispensations from it, in the case of prolific mediocrities of the Sardou and sub-Sardou types. The present author is too considerate of his public to be serious. As journey-work the book has points of respectability; some excellent works have been consulted and catalogued, French spelling and accentuation have been conserved, the author maintains a decency which belies the Parisian subject and setting, and substitutes for the journalist's factitious gusto that diligence in point of task and that apathy in respect of materials which mark the well drilled but phlegmatic stenographer. His indifference to his own performance is its one judicial quality; in such matters one prefers the stoic to the epicurean.

Six more volumes of the Tudor Shakespeare (Macmillan) have come to hand, all but completing this scholarly undertaking. They are: "Julius Cæsar," edited by Robert M. Lovett; "The Merry Wives of Windsor," edited by Fred P. Emery; "Cymbeline," edited by Will D. Howe; "Henry VI," Part iii, edited by Robert Adger Law; "Pericles," edited by C. Alphonso Smith, and "Titus Andronicus," edited by Elmer Edgar Stoll. A hard task fell to the last-named editor. In trying to steer a safe course among the many debatable theories connected with "Titus Andronicus" Mr. Stoll becomes a bit confusing, but not seriously so. He himself adds nothing new to the discussion. On previous occasions we have set forth the aims of this new edition, which is under the general editorship of Profs. W. A. Neilson and A. H. Thorndike, and will only repeat briefly that it has been prepared by the best American scholarship.

The speedy collapse of "The Happy Island" at His Majesty's Theatre, in London, compelled Sir Herbert Tree to make speedy revision of his plans. For the present he has revived "The School for Scandal," with Phyllis Neilson Terry, for the first time, as Lady Teazle. This young actress is having her full share of brilliant opportunities. Matheson Lang has been engaged for Charles, and Sir Herbert, of course, resumes the part of Sir Peter. This revival will be followed in due course by Somerset Maugham's English adaptation of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" and an English version of "L'Homme qui assassina," which had a success some time ago at the Théâtre Antoine in Paris. The piece is taken from the novel of Claude Farrère. In London it will be called "The Right to Kill."

Arthur Bourchier intends to revive Brieux's "The Arm of the Law" at the London Garrick.

"The Typhoon" seems to have met with a favorable reception at the Haymarket Theatre in London. The London *Times* says:

Mr. Laurence Irving's Takeramo is an extraordinary *tour de force*. He appears more Japanese than the real Japanese who figure here and there in the cast; not merely in make-up, but in every trick of speech and gait and gesture, in his persistent suppression of emotion, in the calm, almost saintly dignity of his demeanor.

James Bernard Fagan has to a great extent rewritten and remodelled his play "The Earth," providing it with a new and, as he thinks, highly dramatic ending. He is to experiment with it in the English provinces, and will play one of the principal parts himself. He has had considerable stage experience in the companies of F. R. Benson and Beerbohm Tree.

"Le Secret" of Henri Bernstein, the new play of which Madame Simone has just assumed the chief female part in Paris, appears to be an unrelieved study of feminine treachery. The heroine is a fascinating but malignant creature who cannot endure the spectacle of another's happiness. Therefore, she conspires against her dearest friend, first contriving to separate her from her lover, and afterward, when she has been married to another man, plotting to confront her with the discarded lover under conditions peculiarly disquieting to the husband. Seemingly, there is not a redeeming trait in the character. In the end she makes confession and is forgiven, her husband vowing that he worships her

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in spite of everything. Doubtless the part offers varied histrionic opportunities to Madame Simone, but its value must be wholly theatrical.

Recent festivities in Leipzig celebrated the seven hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the St. Thomas School. It was once under the control of the monastery. In 1531 the Protestant magistracy took over the school, which was then much enlarged and improved. Two centuries later, when Bach was the Cantor, an extra story was built. The fabric remained unaltered till about thirty years ago, when it became the central office of the military chaplains, and the school migrated to the suburbs. The statue which four ladies erected to their teacher, J. Adam Hiller, was taken down and built into a new door of St. Thomas's, which is now the Garrison Church. Bach's monument, put up by Mendelssohn, remains on the promenade; in the square, just outside the church, is the great statue of Bach, unveiled in 1908.

From Leipzig comes the news that Berlioz's fifty-year-old opera, "Beatrice and Benedict," has been produced there with great success in a version made by the present Philharmonic conductor, Josef Stransky, and Wilhelm Klefeld. The critics speak of this version as "very clever." It seems that there was need of a good deal of editing to make the opera presentable. The libretto, which is based on Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing," had to be completely worked over, and Mr. Stransky not only transferred the musical numbers to more advantageous places, but interpolated airs from other juvenile works by Berlioz.

The German critics not only do not like Puccini's music in "The Girl of the Golden West," but the story itself strikes them as "a clumsy mixture of brutality and sentimentality." "How exalted in comparison is even the text of 'Tosca,'" exclaims Hugo Rasch in the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung*, after hearing the opera in Berlin. Puccini, he thinks, has been steadily going down hill, and the end of the last act represents low tide in his activity; while the action in this scene is "an insult to any even half-cultivated audience."

Art

THE INTERNATIONAL.

LONDON, April 7.

The exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers is again this spring a disappointment. For a while the Society could be counted upon to show all that was most active and most original and most interesting in the modern art, not only of England, but of the world. It represented every vital phase and movement. It organized the one independent exhibition in London, free of cliques and unshackled by modern conventions, a healthy antidote to the Academy. The tradition it sought to carry on was that not of any particular group, but of good work, wherever produced and wherever found, though it never shrank from honest experiment. I am amused, in the midst of the present excitement over what is called Post-Impressionism, to remember that at the International the artists looked upon as leaders by the Post-Impressionists were first seen in London—Cézanne, Van Gogh, Vuillard, Maurice Denis, Matisse, Flandrin, were all, at various times, exhibited there; but the moment of the "boom" not having arrived, their work created no sensation and remained unnoticed save by the few who knew and understood.

Of late years, however, after a number of brilliant and splendidly promising seasons, the foreign element has been gradually growing less and less, until now it has almost completely disappeared from the International, which the British members of the Society threaten to reduce to a mere annex of the Royal Academy and the New English Art Club. Even the hanging and arrangement have ceased to receive the attention that once made the exhibition, as a whole, the most dignified and beautiful held in London. Moreover, it is inevitable that this year there should be a certain feeling of staleness. The exhibition is given at the new Grosvenor Gallery, which opened last autumn for the first time, with a show of very much the same men, and which has just closed the yearly exhibition of the National Portrait Society, many of whose members belong also to the International. It is extraordinary that artists do not realize there is such a thing as showing too often and too consecutively. A good thing may be overdone. But when the public and the critics become indifferent, the artists seek the cause anywhere save in the monotony of the entertainment they provide. This year we have the Institute—though I must not be understood to include it among the good things—eliminating their press day because the critics have kept on saying the same unpleasant things about the same work they have found on the same walls in show after show. And we have again a society of Post-Impressionists, apparently realizing that Post-Impressionism may pall, challenging the public's curiosity by suppressing the names of the exhibitors, and thus turning the collection of their work into a prize puzzle.

The loss of the foreign element is serious for the International, taking away the chief reason for its existence. There have been years when the work of the president, Rodin, has dominated the exhibition; this year he is represented only by his well-known Young Girl between her Good and Evil Genius, lent by Edmund Davis. But, then, the Society, having chosen a sculptor for their president and having given sculptors the chief place in their titles, have made their headquarters in a gallery where it is impossible to exhibit any but the smallest pieces of sculpture, a fact which strikes the outsider as a curious contradiction. Otherwise few things of note come from France, and nothing from Spain. Professor Sauter and Joseph Pennell, who both spend much of their time in London, represent respectively Germany and America; and James Morrice, Canada. Belgium (save for an Alfred Stevens), Holland, Italy, Austria, Scandinavia might not exist as far as the International is concerned.

If the British exhibitors, having got rid of the foreigner, endeavored to show themselves at their best, there might be some excuse for this change of policy. But they do not. It looks as if men like Lavery, Arpen, Strang, and C. H. Shannon, who have been made Associates of the Royal Academy, were reserving their most important canvases for the show that opens next month at Burlington House. If they are not—one must give them the benefit of the doubt—they have but themselves to thank for the impression they make. Lavery sends no portraits, but instead three small paintings of the Alps in winter; one, The Monk, a clever piece of realism, the great snow-clad slopes dazzling the eye in paint as they would in nature; the other two curiously dwarfed by the little figures, scattered over the vast snowy stretches, which should give the scale; and none of the three suggesting the majesty and beauty of the mountains as successfully as the studies of the Matterhorn, from different points of view and under different atmospheric effects, by Professor Sauter. Many painters, from Turner to the Hudson River School, have painted mountains, but few with success, few with the right appreciation of the subtlety of their color and the dependence of their beauty and their grandeur upon light and atmosphere, and not upon detail. In these studies, as well as others he has already shown of similar subjects, Sauter has revealed such true understanding and sympathetic vision, that it is to be hoped his Alpine series is but at the beginning.

Strang, the vice-president of the International, has only one portrait—the Rev. W. Wilks, Secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society—a full-length seated figure, with a bunch of daffodils on a table to one side, a flat yellow background, and a curtain falling in stiff straight folds behind the flowers; the pose is hard and uncompromising, the modelling crude, the detail harsh and sharp—it is one of the pictures, no doubt, that Strang is said to be painting for posterity, and that might with advantage remain unseen until posterity claims them. Orpen also is content to send one painting, a variation of an old theme—the seashore, a tent, a figure,

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strong sunlight making a pattern with the shadows where it falls—a clever study, but little more. And from C. H. Shannon there comes but a single canvas, The Amethyst Necklace, one of the lifeless nudes he has often painted, with the usual accessories, graceful in design, refined, but growing weaker, as every subject, when repeated, will if convention and not nature is relied upon for fresh inspiration. It is the same with men of another group—with Lambert, Nicholson, Kelly. I may be wrong, but I have come away with the conviction that they, too, are holding themselves in reserve, keeping back their most ambitious performances for other galleries.

Indeed, among them all, James Pryde alone seemed to me to have sent of his best. His Death Bed is by no means a great work of art. It shows a gray, quiet interior such as the Dutchmen loved to paint and painted infinitely better, lofty and spacious, with, almost filling it, a huge, high four-poster and purple curtains, the centre of the tragedy of death which Pryde turns into light comedy. The whole has a theatrical air. Not the title, not the agitation of the little figures, one at the foot of the bed, one at the door, can disguise the fact that the painter was not in the least moved by the subject—probably had not decided what that subject was until the painting was finished and a title needed—but found himself immensely amused with his scheme of gray and with his melodramatic composition for the sake of which he carried the four posts of the bed up to a height beyond domestic or constructive possibility.

The unmistakable evidence in paint that the painter has been interested in what he was doing, draws the eye irresistibly to Morrice's three little landscapes. They are not as distinguished as many he has before now sent to the International; the detail here and there tends almost to the grotesque in its simplification; the color is not so pure, but there can be no question of the painter's alert interest in his subjects and the pattern they suggested to him. All three of the pictures are at least full of that observation which is too frequently sacrificed by the modern painter to a successful formula. Formula, not nature, is felt, for instance, in the sombre landscapes of Peppercorn, so seldom do they vary in motive or color scheme, in the pastorals of E. A. Walton, with the same silvery trees under the same cloud-swept sky, or the work of Nicholson, whose small equestrian portrait of a woman this year, like many of his paintings, seems but the decorative balancing of spaces of flat color, far less appropriate to canvas than to the wood block. A formula may last the artist for the time, but it cannot last forever. Repetition takes the life from it sooner or later, sooner when the formula has but a weak foundation, as in the case of many of the men and women who now label themselves Post-Impressionists. There are one or two paintings of the kind in the International that would seem crude even if hung as posters on the hoardings. A first show of Post-Impressionists may give food for thought, as I see has been the case in New York. But a second, in my experience, is as flat and monotonous in one way as the Royal Academy is in another. Formula, under whatever guise, is a pitfall for the artist.

N. N.

On Drawing and Painting. By Denman Waldo Ross, Ph.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50 net.

Coming at a time when the interest of the art world is fixed upon an upheaval, Mr Ross's book must, by its dignity, seem tame. There is only one mild observation on the Post-Impressionists and Futurists: "To some of us, and among them I count myself, it is a warning."

The classical atmosphere of Mr. Ross's book is refreshing. The introduction is especially rich in wisdom and deserves to be read by every artist and art student in the country, as well as by the collector and amateur. Yet the book has been excluded from several art schools, because it is thought inadvisable to put a further tax on the student's mind. "The pupil," says Mr. Ross, "is told how very dangerous it is to use his intelligence. He may use his eyes, but must not use his mind. The teacher says, 'Don't think about your performance. Don't talk about it; and don't listen to any talking. Above all things, don't read any books. Go ahead and paint. Paint every day, and all day long. Keep at it, and take the consequences.'" And your reviewer can vouch for it that this is an accurate description of contemporary methods in London, Paris, New York, and Boston. In the next paragraph we find illuminating information about Degas, that god of the present-day careless draughtsmen, the shirkers, and short-cut artists. When Degas was asked to explain his art, which was supposed to be an expression of his instinctive impulses, an expression of "temperament and personality," he said: "No art was ever less spontaneous than mine; what I do is the result of reflection and the study of the great masters. Of inspiration, spontaneity, temperament—temperament is the word—I know nothing."

"Painting is a scientific practice," says Mr. Ross, and thus echoes the teachings of Da Vinci. "It is a way of doings things which must be understood and mastered." What was the deep science of the old masters has gradually become a hit-or-miss, happy-go-lucky form of painting. The modern portrait painter does not insist upon his sitter being each day in precisely the same position, he is satisfied if the pose is approximately the same. Even a master like John Sargent is strangely lax in respect to his model's position. To get the "movement," and "character," and "feeling" is apparently all that the artist of to-day is seeking. It is difficult to envisage that sedate age when handicraft was governed by the rule of thumb, and pride of workmanship went hand in hand with great achievement. Many artists of distinction are suffering from a lack of knowledge in the permanency of pigments, and still more from ignorance in their use. Pictures painted by them, charming in other respects, fail, let us say, in one muddy passage. This fault could not occur if sufficient study were given to Mr. Ross's color theory. The student will have to start from new premises, and with a different choice of painting equipment. He will realize, probably for the first time, that most of our art materials are inadequate or worthless, the colors apt to be coal-tar products and fugitive, the canvas for the most part uncertain, and the secret preparation which covers its surface oft-times deadly to the painting. The oils or mediums are prepared mechanically, and when a good quality is obtained the process is kept secret. One painter recently returning from Italy brought with him what he asserts to be "Tintoretto's vehicle," but instead of giving the recipe freely to his brother artists, he has placed it in the hands of a New York chemist, who prepares and sells it for a price far beyond the means of the majority of students.

Mr. Ross's theory of color will strike readers as unwieldy, just at first. There is a chart so formidable that one is tempted to give it all up or to be witty at its expense. Tones of color are conceived as being as many as the gradations of light. There can be an infinite number of tones between the highest light and the densest black. Colors not being equal in intensity, this scale is most interesting, as it shows the pigment colors placed in their spectroscopic order and their tonal variance. The scale is analogous to the musical scale and must be learned in the same way. From this we advance to drawing and painting, design, pure and applied; representation; modes of representation; representation in forms of design. Order and harmony are considered at length in the chapter on design.

One great principle given on page 125 strikes at the root of the evil now threatening our art schools. Under the heading Drawing from Nature, Mr. Ross fully explains the pictorial plane, and if this theory were adopted by the schools we should not have a room full of embryonic artists all making uniform drawings from a model placed in their

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midst. No two persons can see an object the same size unless they are at the same distance from that object and happen to choose the same pictorial plane. Yet go into any art school and you will find all the sheets of charcoal paper filled; the head of the model crowding against the top, the feet exactly at the bottom, except in the case of the rank beginners who have not yet learned to "train the eye," and whose natural tendency is to draw things the size they see them. The instructors insist upon this method, which probably originated at the Ecole des Beaux Arts.

We cannot subscribe to all the statements in this book, for a great many of them depend upon personal taste, but it must be admitted that the precepts given are those of the old masters. Many of the rules are to be found in the Da Vinci notebooks, and many in the teachings of Dürer.

During the work of excavating the foundations of the new Ministry of the Interior in Rome, between the Vie Balbo, Agostino Depretis, and Venezia, a large ancient building has come to light, which is supposed to have been a bath, perhaps that mentioned in the Acta Sanctorum, under the name of Novatus. A marble statue of Venus has been found in the building.

"The Childhood of Art" (Putnam), by H. G. Spearing, treats the art of the cave-dwellers in France and Spain, of early Egypt and Mesopotamia, of Crete and Greece. There are nearly 500 illustrations, of which sixteen are colored. Mr. Spearing justifies his sub-title, "The Ascent of Man," by a resolute attempt to show that the flowering of primitive art depends on political freedom, while the sudden declines of art are one and all attributable to tyranny. In this worthy cause mere hypothesis does valiant service, and the author has prudently refrained from citing parallels in historic times. As a matter of fact, art seems to flourish whenever, with a demand for it, there is general wealth and security. These conditions may be produced either by a wise free state or a benevolent despotism. Oligarchical Venice, boss-ridden Florence, and free Sienna were all simultaneously art centres. About a third of this volume is given up to the art of the French and Spanish cave-dwellers, and there are numerous illustrations of those admirable sketches of animals which these prehistoric artists graved on bones or painted in their caves. Mr. Spearing's lucid review of this art is far the most interesting and valuable portion of his work. In fact, this is the only part of his book in which one feels surely in contact with the childhood of art. The earliest remains of pre-dynastic Egypt, of Chaldea, and Crete seem decadent as compared with the caveman's work. We have to do, not with the vigor of childhood, but with some awkward adolescent stage. Moreover, these later chapters treat fields that are quite familiar and already well covered by popular handbooks. If Mr. Spearing's book fails to make a unitary effect, it may still commend itself for its valuable review of neolithic art, for its abundant illustrations, and its generally cautious scholarship.

Finance

THE "RAILWAY RATE CASES."

Attorney-General McReynolds's intervention on Monday in the suits pending between certain State railway commissions on the one hand, and the railways or the Interstate Commerce Commission on the other, evoked wide comment on the markets, because of the light it cast on the problem of the railways and the Federal Government's relation thereto. It did not, however, represent any actual change in the status of the litigation. It attracts particular attention because the important "Minnesota rate case," which was decided against the State authorities by the United States Circuit Court two years ago and has been before the Supreme Court on appeal for more than a year, was supposed now to be in the way of immediate decision; also because last Monday's action of the Department of Justice emphasized the Administration's position in a Constitutional question of very great importance. But as a matter of fact, the position taken in the Attorney-General's brief is not new.

In the so-called "Shreveport case," the Interstate Commerce Commission ruled in favor of the railways on similar grounds in March last year. In that case the salient question was whether the Texas Railway Commission had the right to require such rates, on traffic between certain points within the State, as should amount to discrimination against traffic originating just across the border, and therefore subject to Federal regulation. The argument was more than usually interesting from the fact that the State Railway Commission of Louisiana was contending that the railways in question should not do what the State Railway Commission of Texas insisted on their doing.

The Interstate Commerce Commission divided 4 to 3 on its ruling, but the majority opinion squarely decided that the Federal Interstate Commerce act not only forbade discrimination as between two interstate hauls, but as between one interstate haul and another entirely within a State, and that such discrimination was involved in the Texas contention. The opinion continued:

> If one State may exercise its power of fixing rates so as to prefer its own communities, all States may do so. There would thus arise a commercial condition more absurd and unbearable than that which obtained prior to the Constitution.

This opinion was written by Commissioner Lane, now in President Wilson's Cabinet, and its reasoning was upheld in the brief of the Attorney-General when the case came before the Commerce Court.

In the more familiar "Minnesota rate case," the same principle came to issue in a somewhat different form. That case concerned the fixing of certain railway rates, within the State, so low as to involve reduction in the interstate rates to an alleged non-remunerative basis, if the arbitrary State law, and the Federal law against discrimination, were both to be observed. The Master in Chancery who first heard that case in 1911 decided that the State Commission's rates were for that reason invalid. Judge Sanborn, in the Circuit Court at St. Paul, confirmed that finding, and the case was appealed by the State of Minnesota to the United States Supreme Court, which has not yet passed upon it. The reason for the Attorney-General's request to be allowed participation as *amicus curiæ* is that, since the suit at St. Paul was between the railways and the State Railway Commission, the Federal authorities were not originally a party. But Mr. McReynolds now defines the position of the Federal Government by filing with the Supreme Court, in relation to the Minnesota case and others, the precise brief which he filed in the Texas litigation.

The brief thus filed sets forth that the real question at issue is whether a State may deliberately shut out interstate commerce by what the Attorney-General calls "adroit manipulation" of rates within that State. It contends that the Federal authority "extends to every act which substantially impedes or affects interstate commerce," that "the means by which such commerce is affected or impeded is immaterial," and that "a rate-fixing order by a State railroad commission, with the intent to discriminate and actually discriminating against interstate commerce in favor of intrastate commerce, is void *per se*."

In each of these contentions, the Attorney-General attacks the argument made last April before the Supreme Court in the "Minnesota rate case" by the Governors of Ohio, Missouri, and Nebraska. The Governors argued that the effect on interstate commerce of the State rate laws in question is "not only incidental and indirect, but also legitimate" under our dual form of government. If the lower rates within the States forced correspondingly lower interstate rates, then "interstate commerce will have been relieved of a burden instead of having one imposed upon it," and any other position would lead "to the logical conclusion that the laws of trade are higher than the Constitution."

Here, then, are the elements for a decision of epoch-making importance by the highest court, and the unexpected request of the Federal Government to be aligned against the above contention, in all the cases to which it would apply, gives a touch of dramatic interest. Not the least part of this arises from the

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fact that the action formally disavows for the Wilson Administration the narrower view of the States' rights question. Its important bearing on the railway problem in particular is easily perceived. It brings squarely to issue the consideration which even people who favor drastic regulation of the railways have admitted to be a grievance of those enterprises—the existence of conflicting and mutually irreconcilable requirements, as to rates and service, in the Federal statutes and Interstate Commerce rulings on the one hand, and in the State laws and the State commissioners' requirements on the other.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Baker, Elizabeth. Chains: A Play. Boston: Luce. 75 cents net.
Barnes, R. G. Out of the Blue. Longmans. $1.35 net.
Barry, J. D. Intimations: A Collection of Brief Essays. San Francisco: Paul Elder. $1.50 net.
Baumgartner, Alexander. Goethe: Sein Leben und seine Werke. Dritte auflage. Vol. 1. St. Louis: B. Herder. $3.25 net.
Beecher, Eunice. The Law of a Household. Boston: Small, Maynard.
Boechting (Fritz). Ueber den amerikanischen Frauenkult. Jena: Diederichs.
Brentwood, Evelyn. Henry Kempton. Lane. $1.25 net.
Burchenal, Elizabeth. Dances of the People: A Second Volume of Folk Dances and Singing Games. Schirmer. $1.50 net.
China Year Book, 1913. Compiled by H. T. M. Bell and H. G. W. Woodhead. Dutton. $3 net.
Craig, E. G. Towards a New Theatre. Dutton. $6 net.
Curle, J. H. The Shadow-Show. Doran. $1.35 net.
Davis, W. W. The Civil War and Reconstruction in Florida. (Col. Univ. Studies.) Longmans.
Dillman, Willard. Monoscripts. Minneapolis: Edmund D. Brooks.
Forman, J. M. The Opening Door. Harper. $1.30 net.
Freeman, R. A. The Mystery of 31 New Inn. Phila.: Winston Co. $1.20 net.
Garvice, Charles. A Farm in Creamland: A Book of the Devon Countryside. Doran. $3 net.
Gillet, J. E. Molière en Angleterre, 1660-1670. Paris: Champion.
Grey, Zane. Desert Gold. Harper. $1.30 net.
Grierson, Francis. The Invincible Alliance and Other Essays. Lane. $1.50 net.
Guérard, A. L. French Prophets of Yesterday. D. Appleton.
Harden, Maximilian. Monarchs and Men. Phila.: Winston. $3 net.
Helps, E. A. Songs and Ballads of Greater Britain: A Compilation. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Henry, Arthur. Peter and the Fairies. Chicago: Brothers of the Book.
Hutton, Edward. Ravenna. Dutton. $3 net.
James's The Master of the House. Adapted from the play, by Edward Marshall. Dillingham. $1.25 net.
Journals of the Continental Gongress. Vol. XXI, 1781. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Koven, Mrs. R. de. Life and Letters of John Paul Jones. 2 vols. Scribner. $5 net.
La Follette, R. M. Autobiography. Madison, Wis.: Robert M. La Follette Co. $1.50 net.
Mackereth, J. A. Ioläus: The Man That Was a Ghost. Longmans. 60 cents net.
McLaughlin, J. M., Hamblin, B. H., and Brick, H. A. New School Music Primer. Boston: Ginn. 22 cents.
Martin, E. S. Reflections of a Beginning Husband. Harper. $1.20 net.
Mayne, D. D., and Hatch, K. L. High School Agriculture. American Book Co. $1.
Mayne, Rutherford. The Drone: A Play. Boston: Luce. 75 cents net.
Mighels, P. V. Hearts of Grace. Desmond FitzGerald. $1.25 net.
Millikan, R. A., and Gale, H. G. A First Course in Physics. Revised edition. Boston: Ginn. $1.25.
Monkhouse, Allan. Mary Broome: A Play. Boston: Luce & Co. 75 cents net.
Mosher, W. E., and Jenney, F. G. Deutsches Lern- und Lesebuch. Boston: Heath. $1.25.
Page, T. N. The Land of the Spirit. Scribner. $1.20 net.
Payson, G. S. The Vital and Victorious Faith of Christ. Funk & Wagnalls. $1 net.
Reinach, Salomon. Sidonie ou le Français sans peine. Paris: Machette.
Robinson, Lennox. Patriots: A Play. Boston: Luce. 75 cents net.
Ryder, R. O. The Young Lady Across the Way. Illus. by H. J. Westerman. Boston: Luce & Co. 75 cents net.
San Francisco Relief Survey. Survey Associates, Inc. $3.50.
Scott, J. R. The Unforgiving Offender. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Shakespeare, A New Variorum Edition of. The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar, edited by H. H. Furness, Jr. Phila.: Lippincott.
Sharp, K. D. Summer in a Bog. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd. $1.25 net.
Smith, E. R. Solid Geometry Developed by the Syllabus Method. American Book Co. 75 cents.
Solly, J. R. Selected Thoughts from the French—XV-XX Century—with English Translations. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Underhill, Evelyn. Immanence: A Book of Verses. Dutton. $1.25 net.
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